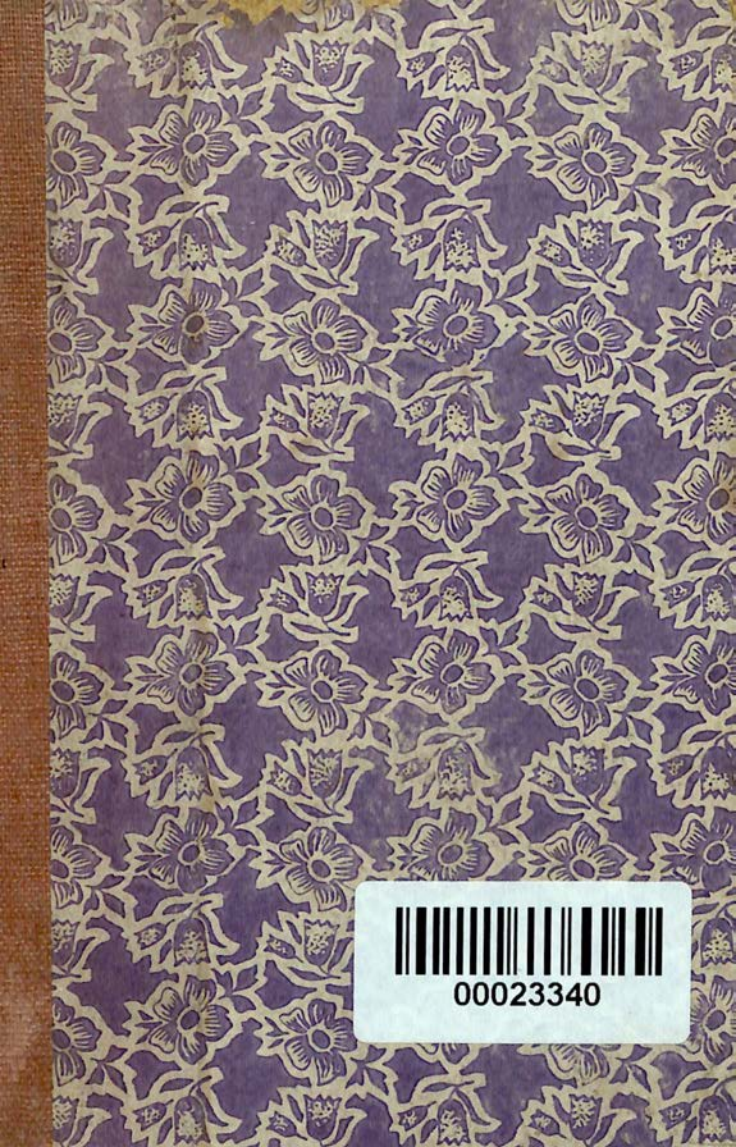
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PRINCE BISMARCK'S LETTERS.

PRINCE BISMARCK'S LETTERS.

TO

HIS WIFE, HIS SISTER, AND OTHERS,

FROM 1844 TO 1870.

Translated from the German

BY

FITZ^{H} MAXSE.

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BY PERMISSION,

TO PRINCESS BISMARCK

THE TRANSLATOR DEDICATES THIS ISSUE IN ENGLISH

OF HER HUSBAND'S LETTERS

WITH THE SINCEREST RESPECT AND ADMIRATION.

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PRINCE BISMARCK'S LETTERS.

LETTERS DURING HIS YOUTH.

BISMARCK TO HIS ONLY SISTER, MALVINA.

BERLIN, *Wednesday*, '44.

I HAVE just received your boots from Glaser, and whilst they are being packed up I write you a line to say that I am amusing myself here pretty well, and hope you are doing the same in a quadrille. I was pleasantly surprised to hear that you had danced with . . . .

If the boots are not quite right, I am sorry for it; you wrote nothing about how they were to be, so I have had them made exactly like the old ones. To-morrow I am going with Arnim to Schoenhausen, where, the day after to-morrow,

we are to have some shooting. Father has allowed us to kill a stag, but it is almost a pity to do so at this time of year. It has been freezing again since yesterday. They say that the snow lies as high as houses with you in Samojedes; I shall never go there again as long as I live. There is nothing new here; everybody is in mourning; and now the King of Sweden is dead. I feel more and more alone in the world. No one will come from here for your quadrille except . . . . . whose jealousy I have at last succeeded in awaking. Take care that you have lots of ice carted to Kniephof, otherwise you will have to drink your champagne tepid next summer. My hearty greetings to all, particularly to my father.

KNIEPHOF, 27/6, '44.

ONLY because it is yourself will I surrender one of the few principles which I possess, and write a letter of congratulation, *purement pour féliciter*. I cannot come myself for your birthday, as my viceroy has not yet arrived to replace me. Under any circumstances I should run the

risk of your being, after the pattern of your incredulous bridegroom, persuaded that I had come on business, and not for your sake. On mature reflection I hardly know what to wish you, for in truth you had best remain as you now are, only I should wish you to have two more sisters-in-law—one who is now gone and the other who will not come.

Good-bye, my heart! Greet father, Arnim, Antoine, &c. I hope to see you in about fourteen days. Until then, I count and send kisses.

Your affectionate brother,

BISMARCK.

DEAR LITTLE ONE,

I AM very busy packing for the Landwehr manœuvres, but will write you a couple of lines, as I do not quite see my way to doing so for some short time to come. Almost since the Wool-market I have been representing our roving Landrath, have held with much energy many a court sitting in the hottest of weathers, and driven so constantly through the sandy pines, that I and my horses have had more than

enough of playing Landrath. And now, after barely a week's quiet, I have again to begin to serve my country as a soldier. You see "*how men of merit are sought after, the undeserver may*," &c.[1] I have been unfortunately obliged to buy another horse, as mine is of no use with troops. I shall however try "Grosvenor" as a spare horse. He goes in harness at all events like an old stager, and consequently you can tell Oscar that I shall pay for him soon—when the rape-harvest money comes in—which I most assuredly did not intend to do if he had declined harness.

(*Here a spot of ink.*)

Pardon the above bit of Arabic. I have not a minute's time to rewrite this as I must be off in an hour, and have still a good deal to pack up.

We shall be stationed during the next fortnight at Crüsow, near Stargard, and afterwards near Fiddichow and Bahn, opposite Schewdt. When you write address to Stargard *poste restante;* and I hereby forego all excuses for long

[1] In English.

silence, and in similar case expect from yourself a like immunity. Farewell; my gaping valise is waiting to be packed, and all around me is military blue and white.

Your true brother,

BISMARCK.

NORDENEY, 9/9/44.

DEAR LITTLE ONE,

I HAVE been making up my mind for the last fortnight to write to you without being able, owing to pressure of business and amusement, to do so. If you are curious as to what these consist of, I must frankly confess that my short allowance of time, and the limited dimensions of this paper, preclude my giving you a detailed description, seeing that their succession and nature undergo the most multifarious changes according to the flow of the tide. They bathe here, you must know, when the sea is at highest tide, because the waves are then stronger, and this occurs an hour later every day between the hours of 6 A.M. and 6 P.M., thus affording the pleasant variations of a chilly, windy, and rainy

summer morning; now amidst God's glory of nature and the lofty impressions awakened by sand and salt water, and now in the five-foot-long bed of mine host's, *Mousse*[1] *Omne Fimmen*, under the comfortable sensations which lying on a mattress composed of sea-grass invariably produces on me. In the same way the *table d'hôte* shifts its time between one and five o'clock, and its composite parts between haddock, broad beans and mutton on the odd days of the month, and soles, peas, and veal on the even, of which the finish is in the first instance sugared grits with fruit-sauce, and in the last pudding with large raisins. In order that the eye may not envy the stomach, I have a Danish lady sitting near me whose appearance fills me with sadness and home-sickness, for she reminds me of Pfeffer of Kniephof when he was very spare. She must have either a heavenly temper, or fate has been very hard upon her. Her voice also is low, and she offers me twice of every dish before her. Opposite me sits the old Minister . . . . one of those figures which

[1] Monsieur.

appear to one when one has the nightmare. A fat frog without legs, who opens his mouth as wide as his shoulders, like a carpet-bag, for each bit; so that I am obliged to hold tight on by the table from giddiness. My other neighbour is a Russian officer, a good young fellow, built like a boot-jack—long thin body and short crooked legs. Most of the visitors are already gone, and our company at dinner has melted down from three hundred to twelve or fifteen. I myself have also now completed the allotted number of baths, and shall leave with the next steamer, which is expected the day after to-morrow (the 11th) for Heligoland, and shall go from there over Hamburg to Schoenhausen. At the same time I cannot fix the date of my arrival, because it is not certain whether the steamer will come the day after to-morrow. It is true that the steamer is duly advertised for this trip, but I am told that they are in the habit of leaving out the last journeys if there are not sufficient passengers to cover their expenses. The Bremen steamers have ceased running for some time, and I do not care about going overland because the roads are so bad that it takes three days to

reach Hanover, and the post-carriages are fearful. Supposing, therefore, that the steamer does not come the day after to-morrow, I intend running over to Heligoland in a sailing-boat, and from thence there is communication twice a week with Hamburg, but I am ignorant of the particular days. Father writes to me that you go to Berlin on the 15th. If I find, therefore, at Hamburg that I cannot be with you by steam by the 15th, I shall manage to make use of the Potsdam boat, and go straight to Berlin, prepared to expatiate with you on arts and industry. If you receive this letter soon enough—a fact which, owing to the slowness of the posts here, I very much doubt—you can send me two lines to Hamburg, Hotel Alte Stadt London, telling me whether father has altered his travelling plans. The bathing here pleases me very much, and although it is lonely enough I should not dislike to stay here a few days longer. The strand is excellent, level, with beautiful flat soft sand, without any stones and waves, such as I have not experienced either on the Baltic or at Dieppe. When I am about knee-deep in the water a wave big as a house comes at me (the houses here are, how-

ever, not quite so big as the Schloss at Berlin), twists me a dozen times roundabout, and pitches me twenty feet off on the sand, a simple mode of amusement, which however I indulge in *con amore* every day, and for as long as the doctor's rules can possibly be stretched. I have, in truth, made excellent friends with the sea. I go out sailing for some hours every day in order to get some fishing and seal-shooting. Of these I have only shot one, such a good-humoured dog's face, with large beautiful eyes, that I was quite pained about it. A fortnight ago we had extraordinarily heavy storms; twenty vessels of different nationalities were thrown up on the islands about here, and for days long countless pieces of ships, of furniture, goods in cask, bodies, clothes, and papers, were washed about. I myself have had a small sample of what a storm is. I was out with a "fishing friend," Tonke Hams, and had reached the island of Wangeroge in about four hours, when on the way back we were knocked about for twenty-four hours in a small boat, and had not from the first hour a dry stitch on, notwithstanding that I was lying down in a so-called cabin.

Luckily we were well provided with ham and port-wine, otherwise the trip would have been most disagreeable. Heartiest of greetings to father, and my thanks for his letter; the same to Antoine and Arnim. Good-bye, my heart's treasure.

Your faithful brother,

BISMARCK.

TO HIS SISTER, FRAU VON ARNIM, SOON AFTER HER MARRIAGE.

AFTER you had left I naturally found the house very dull. I sat me down by the fireside, and, smoking, pondered how very unnatural and selfish it is that girls who have brothers, and, above all, unmarried ones, should recklessly plunge into matrimony, and behave as if they were only in the world for the purpose of fulfilling their own wonderful inclinations, a selfishness from which our sex, and myself in particular, I know to be happily free. After I had confessed to myself the uselessness of these reflections, I rose from the green leather chair, where you were in the habit of kissing and whispering with

Miss and Oscar, and plunged at once headlong into the election contest, from which I emerged with the certainty that four voters were inclined to go in for me for life or death, and two more with a certain amount of lukewarmness. Then there are four voters for Krug, sixteen to eighteen for Arnim, and from twelve to fifteen for Alvensleben. I thought therefore, upon the whole, that I had better retire. Since then I live here with our father, reading, smoking, walking, helping him to eat lampreys, and playing at times a certain comedy with him which he is pleased to term fox-driving. We go out, you must know, either in pouring rain, or as it is just at present, with six degrees of frost, accompanied by Ihle, Bellin, and Charles, and surround a clump of firs with all the caution of experienced sportsmen, noiselessly, and with due regard to the direction of the wind, and where all of us, probably also father, are irrefutably convinced that, with the exception of some old women picking up wood, no living thing exists. Ihle and Charles then go through the wood with two dogs, uttering the most extraordinary and most fearful noises—this particularly as regards Ihle.

Father stands motionless at attention, with his gun ready to fire, exactly the same as if he awaited a deer, until Ihle cries out, immediately in front of him, in most curiously high notes, "Hu, la, la! heh, heh! have at him! heh there! shake him!" Father then inquires of me, in the most ingenuous manner, whether I have not seen something, and I reply in the most astonished tone which I am capable of assuming—not in the least. Then we proceed, declaiming against the weather, to another clump, whose store of game Ihle, with a most naturally pretended air of certainty, is in the habit of praising, and we play *dal segno*. Thus we go on for three or four hours, without father's, Ihle's, or Fingal's enthusiasm appearing in the least to cool. In addition to the above we inspect the orangery twice a day, the sheep-fold once, the four thermometers indoors every hour; and since the weather has been so clear we have, by the assistance of the sun, brought the clocks into such a state of unison that the one in the library only strikes once after the others have all done sounding *a tempo*. Charles V. was a stupid fellow!' You can understand that

with such various occupations on hand, I have but little time left to visit the Predigers; and as they have no votes for the district I have not been there at all yet—it was not possible. Bellin has during the last three days been full of a journey which he has made to Stendal, and of the post which he missed. There is ice in the Elbe, the wind is east-south-east, the latest quicksilver from Berlin shows 8°, and the barometer, still rising, marks 28° 8′. I tell you all this in order to show you how you ought to tell father, when you write to him, more about the smaller events of your life; such things please him immensely. Who, for instance, has been to you and Curts, and whom you have visited; what you have eaten; how the horses are; how the servants are behaving; whether the doors creak and the windows are close; in short, events, *facta*. Further, he does not like being called papa—the term is distasteful to him—*avis au lecteur!* Antoine wrote him a very nice letter on his birthday, and sent him a green purse. Papa was very much touched about it, and answered two whole sides. The Rohrs drove through here the other day without

letting us know anything about them. They put up at the pot-house at Hohen-Göhren for a couple of hours to bait the horses, sitting there —wife, children, and all—amongst a dozen smoking labourers in the tap-room. Bellin declares that they want to quarrel with us: this would be hard, and would trouble an intercourse I hold very dear. Father sends his love, and will soon follow me to Pomerania, he thinks, for Christmas. The day after to-morrow there is *café dansant* in Genthin, which I shall look in at *en passant*, with a view of at last going in at the old Landrath, and of taking leave of the district for at least three months. I have been introduced to . . . . She has moments when she is lovely, but will soon lose her complexion and become red. I was in love with her for twenty-four hours. Give my best love to Oscar, and so, good-bye, my angel. Don't cut the honeymoon too short, and remember me to Curts. If you are not on the 8th in A——, then—— *à tantôt.* All thine own *for ever*,

BISMARCK.

(Written towards the close of the year 1844.)

MADAME,

IT is only with difficulty that I resist the inclination to fill a whole letter with a farmer's complaints touching night-frosts, sick oxen, bad rape, and worse roads, dead lambs, half-starved sheep, want of straw and of fodder for cattle, want of money, of potatoes, and of manure; and, in addition to all this, Johann outside is whistling a perfectly infamous *schottische*, which I am not sufficiently cruel to forbid him, as he is doubtless attempting to assuage the pangs of love with music. The ideal of his dreams, instigated thereto by her parents, has lately thrown him over, and married a wheelwright: just my case, barring the wheelwright, who is still creaking about in the future I must, however, marry; the d—— take me! I see it again too clearly now that father has left me, and the damp mild weather exercises a melancholy, love-longing influence over me. It is no use my struggling, I shall have to marry . . . . everybody wills it so, and nothing seems more natural, as we are both of us left over.

She makes no impression on me, it is true,

but this is the case with all of them. Ah! if one could only change one's inclinations with one's linen—however seldom such an event might occur! Father will have told you with what dignified self-possession I received a heavy visitation of ladies on the 1st.

On my way from Angermünde I was cut off from Kniephof by the overflow of the Zampel, and as no one would trust his horse to me, I was obliged to stay the night at Naugard, with several commercial and other travellers, who were also waiting for the water to go down.

The bridges were afterwards carried away so that Knobelsdorf and I, governors of two large districts, were shut in here on a small spot surrounded by the floods, and there was an anarchical interregnum from Schievelbein to Damm. At one o'clock in the morning one of my carts with its load of three casks of spirits was washed away, and for the credit of my neighbouring river, the Zampel, it must be recorded that a waggoner and his horse were drowned in it. Besides this, several houses have fallen down in Gollnow, a convict has hung himself in the house of correction on

account of a flogging, and my neighbouring land-proprietor . . . . has shot himself for want of fodder—a most eventful period! We may expect that some others of our acquaintances will also disappear from the stage, as what with the bad harvest, low prices, and long winter, the mortgaged landed proprietor will have great difficulty in pulling through the year. I expect Bernhard back to-morrow, and am heartily glad to resign the governing business of the district, which in summer is pleasant enough, but very disagreeable in this sort of wet weather. I shall then go to Kröchelndorf unless Oscar writes to the contrary, and afterwards on to you.

I have no news for you from here except that I am still satisfied with Bellin; that the thermometer is now, at ten o'clock at night, 6°; that Odin is still lame of his right fore-paw, and sits constantly the whole day in the most touching manner by his Rebecca, whom I have been obliged to chain up owing to her want of domesticity. Good night, *m'amie, je t'embrasse.* Thine, &c. &c.

BISMARCK.

KNIEPHOF, 9/4/45.

TO FRAU VON ARNIM.

DEAREST CREUSA,

I HAVE not brought the smallest bit of key with me, and as I can inform you from long experience, which, owing to my extreme predilection for order, rarely occurs to me, that looking for lost keys never leads to the slightest result, I straightway employ a locksmith and have a new key made. In weighty cases—for instance, in that of a despatch-box—there is the additional amusement of having new wards done and their dependent locks recast. I have a feeling that I shall very soon have to close this letter, not out of malice because your last was only written upon one side—it would indeed be most painful if you should hold me for so "*Ultrix indigne*" revengeful—but because I am very sleepy. I have been riding and walking the whole day in the sun, was looking on yesterday at dancing in Plathe, and drinking a good deal of Montebello champagne. The first makes me bilious, and the last gives me pains in the calves of my legs. Add to the above a sore throat when I

swallow, a touch of headache, tottering legs, and a sunstroke, and you will comprehend, my angel, that neither thoughts of yourself, nor the melancholy howling of the sheep-dog locked up on the score of his immoderate love of hunting, are capable of keeping me awake any longer. I will only add, then, that the party was not numerous; there was a very nice little Fräulein, sister of . . . . there, and all old and young married women being again in an interesting condition stayed at home, except Frau von * * who wore a bright blue satin dress; and further that I am going to-morrow to an æsthetic tea in . . . . Sleep well, my treasure, it is two o'clock.

BISMARCK.

KNIEPHOF, 27/4/45.

MA SŒUR,

JE t'écris pour t'annoncer that I shall be with you in Angermünde at latest on the 3rd of March, unless you write me word previously that you will not have me. After I have sunned myself in the light of your countenance for two or three

days, it is my intention to carry off your husband for a sitting of the association for the improvement of the state of the working-classes, which is held at Potsdam, on the 7th of March. My leaving here sooner was put an end to by all sorts of water-embankments, law-suits, and sporting matters, so that I shall only be able to start about the 28th inst. They are going to make me captain of the dykes here, and I am pretty certain of being returned to the Saxon (of course not the Dresden one) Diet. My acceptance of the first post would be decisive as regards my future residence here. There is no salary attached, but the conduct of the business of this office is of material importance for the welfare of Schoenhausen and other property, as it is dependent upon such conduct as to whether we are on certain occasions to be under water again or not. On the other hand, my friend . . . . is always at me, as he wishes to send me to East Prussia as His Majesty's Commissioner of Works there.

Bernhard, against my expectation, urges me strongly to go to East Prussia. I should like to know what he is aiming at. He pretends that my bent and capabilities point to entering the

service of the State, and that sooner or later I shall do so. Greet Oscar, Detlev, Miss, and the other children heartily.

From your most devoted brother,

BISMARCK.

SCHOENHAUSEN, 25/2/46.

DEAR LITTLE ARNIM,

I HAVE been writing so many letters lately that I have only this coffee-stained piece of paper left, but which I will not keep back from you on that account. My life here is not of the pleasantest. Drawing up an inventory is tiresome, and the more so when the beggars of appraisers absent themselves three several times without the slightest valid excuse. In addition to this the hail has destroyed a considerable quantity of corn (the 17th); and, finally, I have still a most unpleasant cough, notwithstanding that I have eschewed wine since Angermünde, take the most particular precautions against catching cold, cannot complain about my appetite, and sleep as fast as a badger. And with all this people rally me about my healthy appearance,

when I declare I am suffering in the chest. To-morrow afternoon I shall visit Redekin, the day after to-morrow go to Magdeburg, and thence, after a stay of one or two days, throw myself incontinently into your arms. I have no news to tell you from here, except that when I arrived from Angermünde the vegetation was in comparison a fortnight ahead, and that the crops are on the whole only middling. The effects of the floods, I am sorry to say, are most vexatiously visible in the garden. In addition to the numerous bushes which I removed from the shrubbery this winter as incumbrance, all the remaining acacias and more than half of the ash-trees are withered, so that there is very little remaining. Seventeen of the limes at the farther end of the grand avenue are either already dead or visibly dying. I have had all these, when a leaf shows here or there, topped, and I shall see whether they are to be saved by the operation. Many of the fruit-trees—particularly the plums—are lost. In the fields, notably on grass-lands, there are certain spots where vegetation is completely absent, because the crust has been flooded away. Bellin and the other Schoen-

hausners send their compliments; the first suffers dreadfully from the heat, and Sultan as much; 21° in the shade. Many greetings to Oscar.

Your consumptive brother,

BISMARCK.

SCHOENHAUSEN, 22/7 '46.

LETTERS DURING THE FIRST YEARS OF HIS MARRIAGE.

TO THE CLERGYMAN, GOSSNER, IN BERLIN.

BERLIN, 11*th February*, 1850.

REVEREND SIR,

ALTHOUGH I have not the honour of being known to you personally, still, as we have many mutual friends, I cherish the hope that you will not decline to christen my first-born son, and I therefore permit myself respectfully to inquire whether your leisure will allow you to perform this holy ceremony the day after to-morrow, Wednesday, the 13th, at half-past eleven in the morning, at my residence, Dorotheen Street, No. 37, first-floor; and whether, to the above intent, you will then do me the honour of visiting me?

In the event of your consent, may I ask you

at the same time to fix an hour to-morrow afternoon or evening when I can arrange more particular details with yourself personally at your house?

With the greatest respect,
Your Reverence's
Most obedient
v. BISMARCK-SCHOENHAUSEN.

TO FRAU VON ARNIM.

SCHOENHAUSEN, 28/6/50.

HEREWITH I write you a formal letter of congratulation, on your, as I think (but will not mention it further), twenty-fourth birthday. You are now really of age, or at all events would be so if you had not the misfortune to belong to the female gender, who, in the opinion of jurists, never cease to be minors, although they may be mothers of the stoutest boys. I will explain to you why the above apparent injustice is in reality a very wise arrangement, when I, and as I trust in a fortnight, have you before me *à portée de voix humaine.* Johanna, who is at present in the arms of lieutenant Morpheus, will have

told you what lies before me: the boy howling in *Dur*, the girl in *Moll*, two chanting nursery-maids, and, between damp rolls of linen and milk-bottles, I as father of a family. I struggled long, but as all the mothers and aunts agreed that sea-baths and sea-air could alone help poor little Marie, had I refused I should have heard of my stinginess and paternal tyranny whenever the child caught cold even up to her seventieth year. 'Ah! there you see now! oh! if the poor child could have had sea-air!!' The poor little being has besides been suffering very much during the last few days from its eyes, which are watery and closed; caused perhaps either by the salt baths which she takes or by her eye-teeth. Johanna is anxious about it beyond measure, and, in order to satisfy her, I have summoned to-day Doctor Bünger, from Stendal, the "Fanniger"[1] of the Altmark. We take it for granted that you will be at home next month, and have not planned an outing yourselves; but in that case we should put off our visit until our homeward journey. As regards more precise time and

[1] A famous German doctor.

place of meeting we should anyhow write again. I decided with great reluctance to give up country laziness here; but now it is settled the whole business gains a certain rosy tint, and I most heartily enjoy the prospect of visiting you in the hut which I only remember as ten feet above the ground, and of grasping a herring with my own hands in the depths of the Baltic. Johanna is still sleeping, or she would otherwise have sent you many greetings; as for myself, I get up now at six o'clock on the score of health. In the hope of soon seeing you, I pray God may grant you and yours his blessing for this year and for all subsequent ones.

TO THE SAME.

SCHOENHAUSEN, 8/7/50.

A LETTER arrived yesterday from Oscar, according to which he will also be in Berlin to-morrow, but not return home before Thursday; I am very sorry that in this way your horses will be out for two successive days, as Oscar will not be able to start on Wednesday, and it would be disagreeable for us to stop a day and a half at

Berlin without the slightest pretence of business or anything else. We should not like either that the children, the maid-servants, Oscar, Johanna, and myself should travel in one carriage. I hold, therefore—and this is the chief reason for my writing to you—to the terms of my former letter, according to which we arrive on Wednesday at Angermünde, and find the horses at Gerswalde, or else you will have arranged otherwise of your own accord, which will be equally good, and I shall hear everything from Oscar. I don't like to propose any fresh arrangement, otherwise, seeing how short the time is, there would be confusion about the horses. The fact is, this journey, and I see it more clearly the nearer it approaches, gives me a right of reversion on the new lunatic asylum, or at least a seat for life in the Second Chamber. I can already see myself on the platform of the Genthiner station; then both of us packed in the carriage, surrounded with all sorts of child's necessaries—an embarrassing company; Johanna ashamed to suckle the baby, which accordingly roars itself blue; then the passports, the inn; then at Stettin railway station with both bellowing

monkeys; then waiting an hour at Angermünde for the horses; and how are we to get from Kröchlendorf to Külz? It would be perfectly awful if we had to remain for the night at Stettin. I did that last year with Marie and her squallings. I was in such a state of despair yesterday over all these visions that I was positively determined to give the whole thing up, and at last went to bed with the resolve at least to go straight through, without stopping anywhere; but what will one not commit for the sake of domestic peace? The young cousins, male and female, must become acquainted, and who knows when Johanna will see you again? She pounced upon me last night with the boy in her arms, and with all those wiles which lost us formerly Paradise, of course she succeeded in wringing my consent that everything should remain as before. I feel, however, that I am as one to whom fearful injustice is done, and I am certain that I shall have to travel next year with three cradles, wet-nurses, long-clothes, and counterpanes. I am now awake by six o'clock, and already in a gentle simmer of anger; I cannot get to sleep, owing to all the visions of

travelling which my imagination paints in the darkest colours, even up to the "picnics" on the sandhills of Stolpmünde. And then if one were only paid for it! But to travel away the last remnants of a once handsome fortune with sucking babies!—I am very unhappy!

Well—Wednesday, then, in Gerswalde—I should have done probably better by driving over Passow, and you would not have had so far to Prenzlau as to G. However, it is now a *fait accompli*, and the pain of selection is succeeded by the quiet of resignation. Johanna greets and packs. We are sending part of our luggage with the goods-carrier, so that Johanna is somewhat nervous about her dresses, supposing you Boitzenburgers have company.

LETTERS DURING THE PERIOD OF THE FRANKFORT MISSION.

TO HIS WIFE.

FRANKFORT, 18/5/51.

FRANKFORT is terribly dull. I have been so spoiled with so much affection around me, and with a good deal of work to do, that I now see for the first time how ungrateful I have ever been to many people in Berlin; for, quite apart from you and yours, who are out of the question, even the cold measure of county and party leanings dealt out to me there is quite intimate friendship compared with what one meets here; which, summed up, is nothing other than mutual mistrust and espionage; and then if there was only anything to spy out or to conceal! Nothing but miserable trifles do these people trouble themselves about, and the diplomatists

here strike me as being infinitely more ridiculous with their important ponderosity concerning gathered rags of gossip than even a member of the Second Chamber in the full consciousness of his dignity. If foreign events do not occur, and these we superhumanly clever beings of the Bund can neither foretell nor direct, I know very well what we shall have arrived at in one, two, or five years' time, and am prepared to reach the same end in twenty-four hours, if only the others will be truthful and sensible for one single day. I never doubted that they all cook with water, but such a plain, barefaced water-soup, without even the faintest trace of stock, astonishes me. Send the village clerk, X——, or Herr v. . . . . (?) arsky, from the turnpike lodge, here; and, after they have been properly washed and combed, I will make a sensation with them amongst the diplomats. I am making giant strides in the art of saying nothing in a great many words. I write reports pages long, as rounded and polished as leading articles; and if Manteuffel, after he has read them, can say what is in them, he can do more than I can. We all play at believing that each of us is

crammed full of ideas and plans if he would only speak, and we are every one of us perfectly well aware that all of us together are not a hair better as to knowledge of what will become of Germany than Gossamer Summer. No one, not even the most malicious democrat, can form a conception of the charlatanism and self-importance of our assembled diplomacy. However, I have abused enough, and will now tell you that I am in good health. I was in Mayence the day before yesterday; the environs are really superb. The rye is full grown, although the mornings and evenings are infamously cold. The best excursions are by rail. One can reach Heidelberg, Baden-Baden, the Odenwald, Homburg, Soden, Wiesbaden, Bingen, Rüdesheim, the Niederwald, in the course of the day, staying five to six hours, and returning here in the evening. I have not tried it yet, but shall do so in order that I may be your guide when you arrive here. Rochow left for Warsaw yesterday. He started at nine o'clock in the evening, arrives there the day after to-morrow at noon, and will probably be back here again in a week. I cannot write you much about politics or individuals

as most of the letters are opened. When they are first acquainted with your addresses on my letters, and my addresses on yours, they will probably give it up, as they have no time for reading family letters.

FRANKFORT, *3rd July*, '51.

THE day before yesterday I very thankfully received your letter and the news that you were all well. Do not forget, however, when you write to me, that the letters are not only read by myself, but by all sorts of post-spies; and do not, therefore, rail so much against individuals in them, as this is all retailed to the personage in question, and placed to my account; besides, you do the people injustice. Touching my appointment or non-appointment I know nothing more than what was said to me when I left, all else is possibility and supposition. The disagreeable part of the business is as yet only the silence of the Government towards me, as it would be but fair to tell me frankly and officially whether I have to live next year with wife and child here or in Pomerania. Be cautious in

your conversation then with everyone without exception, and not only with X . . . . ; more particularly in criticisms of different persons. You can form no conception what experience one makes on this head when one has once become personally the subject of observation. Be thoroughly prepared to have everything you state, even in the bathing-huts, warmed up with sauce here or at "Sanscouci." Forgive me for warning so much, but after your last letter I must take the diplomatic shears in hand a little. If the . . . . or others are enabled to sow mistrust in our camp, they will have gained thereby the chief purpose of their letter-pilfering.

The day before yesterday I dined with . . . . at Wiesbaden, and contemplated the site of former follies with a mixture of sadness and old-world experience. May it now please God to fill this vessel—where the champagne at twenty-one uselessly frothed, leaving only empty dregs —with his own clear and strengthening wine. Where and how are . . . . and Miss . . . . now living? How many are now buried with whom I used to flirt, to drink, and to dice! How changed

is my opinion of the world during these fourteen years, in which I have witnessed so many shifting scenes, holding ever that one present before me as the true form and picture! How many things now appear small to me which then seemed so great! How much is worthy of honour at which I then jeered! How many a green bud within us will shoot out mature to leaf and uselessly wither ere the next fourteen years are past —until 1865!—if we live so long!

It is incomprehensible to me how any human being, who thinks about himself at all, and who is ignorant, or chooses to remain ignorant, of God, can live under his load of self-contempt and *ennui*. I do not know how I bore it formerly. If I had to live now as I did then—without God, without yourself, without the children—I really do not know why I should not throw off this life like a dirty shirt; and still the majority of my acquaintances are of that kind, and live! When I ask myself what reason persons standing quite alone can find for living on, for boring themselves, for putting themselves out of temper, for intriguing and spying about, I am veritably at a loss for an answer. Pray do not suppose

from the above scribbling that I am in a particularly dark mood; on the contrary, I feel as if I were looking out on the mellowing foliage of a fine September day, health and spirits good, but with a soft touch of melancholy, a little home-sickness, a longing for deep woods and lakes, for a desert, for yourself and the children; and all this mixed up with a fine sunset and Beethoven.

Instead of the above I must go and call upon that bore . . . . and wade through endless figures concerning German steam-corvettes and gunboats now rotting at Bremerhaven and devouring money.

I should like to have a horse, but do not care about riding alone, it is so tiresome; whilst the company with whom one would have to ride here are just as bad; and now I must go to Rochow and to all sorts of "ins" and "offs," who are here with the Grand-Duchess Olga.

FRANKFORT, 8/7/51.

I WANTED to write to you yesterday and to-day, but, owing to all the clatter and bustle

of business, could not do so until now, late in the evening on my return from a walk through the lovely summer night breeze, the moonlight, and the murmuring of poplar leaves, which I took to brush away the dust of the day's despatches and papers. Saturday afternoon I drove out with Rochow and Lynar to Rüdesheim; there I took a boat, rowed out upon the Rhine, and swam in the moonlight, with nothing but nose and eyes out of the water, as far as the Mäusethürm near Bingen, where the bad bishop came to his end. It gives one a peculiar dreamy sensation to float thus on a quiet warm night in the water, gently carried down by the current, looking above on the heavens studded with the moon and stars, and on each side the banks and wooded hill-tops and the battlements of the old castles bathed in the moonlight, whilst nothing falls on one's ear but the gentle splashing of one's own movements. I should like to swim like this every evening. I drank some very fair wine afterwards, and then sat a long time with Lynar smoking on the balcony—the Rhine below us. My little New Testament and the star-studded heavens brought us on the subject

of religion, and I argued long against the Rousseau-like sophism of his ideas, without, however, achieving more than to reduce him to silence. He was badly treated as a child by *bonnes* and tutors, without ever having known his parents. Later on, in consequence of much the same sort of education as myself, he picked up the same ideas in his youth; but is more satisfied and more convinced by them than ever I was. Next day we took the steamer to Coblenz, stopped there an hour for breakfast, and came back the same way to Frankfort, where we arrived in the evening. I undertook this expedition with the intention of visiting old Metternich at Johannisberg, who had invited me to do so; but I was so much pleased with the Rhine that I preferred to make my way over to Coblenz and to postpone the visit. When you and I saw it we had just returned from the Alps, and the weather was bad; on this fresh summer morning, however, and after the dusty monotony of Frankfort, the Rhine has risen very considerably in my estimation. I promise myself complete enjoyment in spending a couple of days with you at Rüdesheim; the place is so quiet

and rural, honest people and cheap living. We will hire a small boat and row at our leisure downwards, climb up the Niederwald and a castle or two, and return with the steamer. One can leave this place early in the morning, stay eight hours in Rüdesheim, Bingen, or Rheinstein, &c., and be back again in the evening. My appointment here appears now to be certain.

FRANKFORT, 13/8/51.

I HAVE a great deal of work yesterday and to-day in consequence of the king's journey, and have gone through countless explanations with the smaller courts, and I am now in hourly expectation of a tiresome diplomatic visit; this letter will therefore be very short, but at all events a sign of my being alive. Who has scraped up that nonsense about Petersburg? It is from your letters that I learn the first word about it. Would you not like to go to Nickolai? A winter there would, I fancy, not be so very bad; but I have had enough of these separations, and the climate is hardly to be recommended

for yourself and the babies. Yesterday I took a long and solitary walk in the hills deep into the beautiful moonlit night. I had worked from eight until five, then dined and revelled in the fresh evening air and hilly breezes of the Taunus after I had left this dusty hole about ten miles behind me, by means of a half-hour's railway trip to Soden. The king passes through here on the 19th, and returns by Ischl and Prag on the 7th of September to Berlin. I shall probably go as far as Coblenz to meet him, as I have a great deal to talk over with * * Should he bring my appointment with him, I shall take rooms at once, and we can then talk about your journey here.

FRANKFORT, 23/8/51.

IN the thick of business, here comes the post-hour, and so I will write you a hasty line sooner than none at all. I have been on the move ever since Monday. In the first place a grand full-dress dinner here to the Emperor of Austria, where about twenty thousand thalers' worth of gold-embroidered uniforms sat at table; after

that off to Mayence to receive the king. He was very gracious to me, and for the first time since a long period chatted freely and jokingly with me. A grand supper, then work with Manteuffel until about two o'clock; then a cigar with dear old Stolberg; at half-past five again on parade—numerous presentations; I accompanied to Darmstadt, there dinner; after that the king left for Baden, and I arrived here in the evening after three wearisome hours with the .... there. Wednesday, whilst still abed, I was summoned by the Duke of Nassau to Bieberich and dined. I returned late at night only to be wakened very early the next morning by President G. and J. who, seizing me, carried me off to Heidelberg, where I remained the night, and spent some pleasant hours with them in Wolfsbrunn Castle and Neckarsteinach. I did not return from this excess until yesterday evening. G. was pleasanter than ever; he did not argue, but idealised, and was poetical and melting. We saw the day before yesterday from the castle a sunset equal to ours on the Rigi. We breakfasted there yesterday, then walked to Wolfsbrunn. I drank some beer at the same table

where you and I sat, then drove up along the Neckar to Steinach, and separated in the evening at Heidelberg; G. goes to Coblenz to-day and J. to Italy.

[HALLE, 7/1/52.

As far as I know I have never written to you from here, and I trust moreover that for the future it will not happen again. I have been cogitating deeply whether yesterday, the day I left, was not Friday after all; a *dies nefastus* —R. R. will tell you what that means—it most certainly was. In Giessen I got a cold dog-kennel of a room, with three windows which would not shut, a dirty bed too short and too narrow, bugs, and infamous coffee. I never remember its equal. At Guntershausen there were some ladies for the first-class carriage, which put an end to smoking—a lady in the higher line of business: R. R. will explain this to you: with a couple of lady's-maids and a sable fur. She varied her conversation with German, in a Russian and in an English accent, very good French, and a little English; but came, in my opinion, from Reezen Lane in Berlin, and one of the lady's-maids was either her mother

or an elderly friend in the same line: R. R. will explain, &c. &c. One of the pipes of our engine genially burst between Guntershausen and Gerstungen, all the water ran out, and there we were in a field for an hour and a half—pretty scenery and the sun warm. I got into a second-class carriage to smoke, and fell into the hands of a Berlin colleague—Member of the Chamber and Privy Councillor—who had been drinking the waters for a fortnight at Homburg, and who questioned and cross-examined me in the presence of some Jew pedlars to such an extent that I returned in despair to my princess from Reezen Lane. Owing to the stoppage we were three hours behind time at Halle, and the Berlin train had long left, so I must sleep here and go on with the goods train at half-past twelve to-morrow morning, and arrive at two. There are two inns here at the station, and I got into the wrong one by mistake. A gendarme walked up and down the coffee-room, taking stock of my beard most suspiciously, whilst I consumed a musty beefsteak. I am very wretched, but will now finish off the remains of the smoked goose, drink some port-wine, and go to bed.

BERLIN, *1st May*, '52.

I HAVE just returned from an endless long dinner at Le Coq's, where I sat between L. G. and the younger M., two thoroughly different natures, and between whom I in vain attempted to mediate on the subject of the quarrel now going on between the King and the Chamber: the one dry, shrewd, and practical, the other amiable, witty, and theoretical. He had every disposition to forget the world and its rules in his own ideas of them, and the atmosphere of the Chamber has encouraged his impractical inclination, so that in this field of exercise for his thoughts and tongue, he forgets or insufficiently appreciates what has to be done. There is something particularly demoralising in the atmosphere of the Chamber; the best of people become vain without being aware of it; and accustom themselves to the rostrum as to some article of their toilette, with which they parade themselves before the public. Pardon this political effusion.

BERLIN, *3rd May*, '52.

I AM heartily sick of this place, and yearn for the day of leaving. I find the intrigues in the

Chamber beyond measure empty and unworthy; but when one lives in the midst of them one deceives oneself, and holds them as something wonderful. When I arrive here from Frankfort, quite unbiassed, I feel like a sober person who has tumbled amongst a lot of drunkards. I wish that they would send me to Constantinople, for then one would not, at all events, have to be perpetually travelling here.

VIENNA, 16/6/52.

As Schrenck says, it does not please me at all here, notwithstanding that it was so pleasant with you in '47. Not only, however, do I miss you, but I feel that I am superfluous here, and that is a worse matter than I can elucidate to your non-political nature. If I were here now, as then, only for pleasure's sake, I should have no cause to complain. All those whom I have got to know hitherto have been notably amiable, and the town, although hot and narrow-streeted is still a most excellent town. As regards business, however, there is great flatness; either they do not care about coming to an arrangement with us, or fancy the matter to be much more important to ourselves than in reality is

the case. I fear that the opportunity for a mutual understanding is slipping away unused, and this will cause a bad reaction with us, as we are supposed to have taken a highly conciliatory step in sending me here, and it will be some time before they send anyone here again who is so inclined to come to an agreement, and has, at the same time, such full powers as myself. Pardon my writing to you about politics, but "of what the heart is full," &c. My mind is gradually drying up at this sort of work, and I am afraid that I shall end by getting a taste for it. I have just returned from the opera with old Westmoreland: "Don Giovanni," given by a good Italian company, and which made me doubly appreciate the wretchedness of the Frankfort theatre. I was at Schönbrunn yesterday, and amongst the giant hedges and the white statues, nitched in the green foliage, I thought of our adventurous moonlight expedition. I took a look at that secret little garden where we first strayed, and which is most particularly forbidden ground, so much so that the sentry of the rifles, who stood there in our time, forbade one even to look inside.

OFEN, 23/6/52.

I HAVE just landed from the steamer, and do not know how better to employ the moments which will intervene between Hildebrand's arrival with my things than to give you a sign of life from this far-eastern but beautiful world. The Emperor has been gracious enough to assign me quarters in his castle, and so here I am in a large vaulted hall, sitting at the open window, through which the evening bells of Pesth are pealing.

The lookout is delightful. The castle lies high; beneath me, first, the Danube spanned by the suspension-bridge, then Pesth, and farther off the endless plains beyond Pesth, dissolving into the blue-red evening haze. Near Pesth, or the left, I look up the Danube; far, very far away, to my left—I mean on the right bank—the river is girded by the town of Ofen; then come the mountains blue and still bluer, and then a brownish-red in the evening sky which forms the glowing background. In the centre of the two towns lies a wide water-mirror, like that at Linz, broken by the suspension bridge and a wooded island. The journey here, at all events from

Gran. to Pesth would also have pleased you; imagine the Odenwald and Taunus pushed near to each other, and the space between filled with the waters of the Danube. The dark side of the journey was the sunny side; it burned to that extent that one would have thought tokay was to be grown on board the vessel; and there was a great crush of travellers; but only conceive it, not a single Englishman!—they cannot yet have discovered Hungary. There were, however, queer fellows enough from all eastern and western nations, some clean, some dirty. My particular travelling companion was a very pleasant general-officer, with whom I sat almost the whole time smoking on the paddle-box. I am beginning to be impatient as to where Hildebrand is. I am leaning out of the window—half in a reverie over the moonlight, half longing for him as for one's sweetheart—for I require a *clean shirt.* If you could only be here for a moment, and could throw a glance down on the dead silver of the Danube, the darkening hills on the pale red background, and on the lights which are twinkling below us in Pesth, Vienna would then, I fancy, sink considerably in your

estimation matched against Buda-Pesth, as the Hungarians term it. You see that I am also a dreamer over Nature's handiwork. And now, as Hildebrand has at last arrived, I will tone down my feverish blood with a cup of tea, and then to bed.

Last night I had only four hours of sleep, and the Court is shudderingly early here; the young Emperor himself gets up at five o'clock, and I should therefore be but a bad courtier if I slept much longer myself. Therefore with a side-glance on a huge teapot, and a tempting plate of cold meat in jelly, and other good things, as I observe, I say good-night to you from far away. Where did I get that song from which has been haunting me the whole day: "*Over the blue mountain, over the white sea-foam, Come thou beloved one, come to thy lonely home!*"[1] I don't know who must have sung that to me *in old lang syne.*"

24th June.

AFTER sleeping very well, although on a wedge-like pillow, I say good-morning to you.

[1] English.

The whole landscape before me is swimming in such a bright burning sun that I cannot look out undazzled. Until my visits commence, I am sitting here in a very spacious apartment, breakfasting and smoking. There are four rooms, all heavily vaulted, one something like our banqueting-hall in size; walls more massive than in Schoenhausen, gigantic nut-wood presses, the furniture blue silk; on the floor a profusion of black stains, a yard in length, which a more excited imagination than mine might take for blood, but which I decidedly declare to be ink. An incredibly clumsy scrivener must have lived here, or another Luther have been continually hurling large inkstands at the adversary. A very friendly old servant, in light yellow livery, divides the work with Hildebrand; in fact every one is very amiable. The steamer sailed yesterday, in honour of His Majesty's representative, under a big Prussian flag, and thanks to the Telegraph Imperial, carriages were waiting at the landing-place. Don't tell this to N. N., otherwise he will write articles about it. Down below, floating on long rafts of wood down the Danube, are the oddest, large brown-hatted and

wide-trousered figures. I am sorry that I cannot draw; I should much like to have presented to you these wild faces, with their long hair and moustaches, with their excited black eyes, and the peculiarly picturesque clothing hanging about them as they passed before my eyes all day long yesterday. I must come to an end now and pay visits. I don't know when you will get these lines; perhaps I shall have to send a courier to-morrow or the day after to Berlin who can take them.

EVENING.

As yet I have had no opportunity of sending this off. The lights are again shining up here from Pesth; on the horizon, towards the Theiss, it is lightening, and above us is the bright starlight. I have worn uniform a good deal to-day, handed over my credentials in a formal audience to the young ruler of this country, and received a very pleasing impression. After dinner the whole Court made an excursion to the hills to the "Beautiful Shepherdess," who, however, has been long dead, seeing that King Mathias Corvinus was in love with her some few hundred years ago. One has

a view from here (over wooded hills, something like those by the Neckar) of Ofen, with its plains and mountains. A country festival had brought over thousands, they crowded around the Emperor, who mixed amongst them, with frantic shouts of "*Eljen*" (*Éljen*); they danced the csardas, waltzed, sang, played music, climbed in the trees, and wedged in the Court. On a grassy slope a supper-table with twenty covers had been laid, but with the seats only on one side, whilst the other was left free for the view over forest, palace, city, and country; above us lofty beech-trees with climbing Hungarians in the branches; behind us, and quite close to us, a closely-pressed and pushing crowd; farther off, the music of brass instruments mingled with song—wild gipsy melodies. Moonlight and the red evening sky mixed with torchlight from the woods illuminated us: the whole might be adopted unchanged as the great scenic effect of a romantic opera. Next to me was seated the white-haired Archbishop of Gran, Primate of Hungary, in his black silk talar, with red mantle, and on the other side a very amiable and elegant general of cavalry. You see that

the picture was rich in contrasts. We drove home afterwards in the moonlight with an escort of torches. Tell Frau Von V. that her brother is a very charming man, as indeed I could not, remembering the sisters, whom I know, otherwise expect. I just received a telegram from Berlin; it contains two letters—"No!"—a word full of meaning. It has been related to me to-day how this castle was stormed by the insurgents three years ago, on which occasion the brave general, Hentzi, and the whole garrison, after a most admirably courageous defence, were cut down. The black spots on my floor are partly burns, and where I am now writing to you, bursting shells were dancing about until at last they fought on smoking ruins. It is only a few weeks since that this was all put in order for the Emperor's visit. It is very quiet and comfortable up here just now—I hear but the ticking of the clock on the wall, and the distant rumble of the carriages below. May angels guard you! As for me, this is performed by a bearskinned grenadier, of whose bayonet I can see six inches, about two arms' length from me, peeping over the window-

sill, and glittering a return ray of light. He is posted above the terrace, over the Danube, and is probably thinking of his Nanni.

SZOLNOK, 27/6/52.

YOU will find in our present atlases a map of Hungary, on this a river Theiss, and then looking above Szegedin towards its source, a place called Szolnok. I went by rail yesterday from Pesth to Alberti-Irza, where a Prince W. is quartered, who is married to a Princess von M. I called upon this lady in order to be able to give . . . . news of her health. The place is situated on the border of the Hungarian steppes between the Danube and the Theiss, and I wanted to amuse myself by visiting it. They would not let me travel without an escort, as the country is rendered unsafe by mounted robbers, who are called here *Betyars*. After a comfortable breakfast under the shadow of a lime-tree, like ours at Schoenhausen, I got into a very low peasant cart filled with sacks of straw, and with three horses from the steppes in front; the lancers loaded their carbines, mounted, and away we went at a rattling gallop

Hildebrand and a Hungarian valet-de-place on the front straw sack, and the coachman a dark-brown-coloured peasant with moustache, broad-brimmed hat, long black hair shining with bacon-fat, a shirt which falls short of the stomach and permits the view of a hand-breadth belt of the owner's own dark brown skin, cut off by the white trousers, of which each leg is wide enough for a woman's petticoat, and which reach down to the knees where the spurred boots commence. Imagine turf firm and level as a table, on which for miles one sees as far as the horizon nothing but the high bare trees at the draw-wells, dug for half-wild horses and oxen, thousands of whitish-gray oxen, with horns as long as one's arm and shy as deer; ragged seedy-looking horses herded by mounted half-naked shepherds, armed with lance-like sticks; endless herds of pigs, amongst which invariably a donkey carrying the fur coat (*bunda*) of the shepherd and occasionally himself; also large flocks of bustards, hares, mice-like marmots, occasionally near a pond of brackish water, wild geese, ducks, and plovers. Such were the objects which during the three hours which we took for a thirty-five miles' drive to Ketskemet,

flew past us and we past them, with a short halt at a *csarda* (lonely inn). Ketskemet is a village which, if one sees none of the inhabitants, reminds one of the narrow end of Schoenhausen, only it has forty-five thousand inhabitants, unpaved streets, low houses closed against the sun in oriental fashion, and large cattle-yards. A foreign ambassador was such an uncommon appearance there, and my Magyar servant rattled the Excellency about so loudly, that they gave me a guard of honour on the spot; the authorities paid their respects, and fresh horses were requisitioned. I spent the evening with a very pleasant set of officers, who insisted upon my taking an escort, and who also related to me in addition a lot of tales about robbers. The very worst robber has his haunts just exactly in that district to which I was journeying, on the Theiss, where the swamps and large plains made extirpation of the horde almost impossible. They are excellently mounted and armed, these Betyars; they attack travellers and farms in bands of fifteen to twenty men, and the following day they are one hundred miles away.

They are polite to decent people. I had left the greatest part of my ready money with Prince W., and only took some linen with me. I was tickled at the idea of making a nearer acquaintance with these mounted robbers. Wrapped in furs, with double-barrelled guns in their hands and pistols in their belts, their leaders wear black masks, and at times belong to the smaller country aristocracy. Some days since several gendarmes were killed in a skirmish with them, but on the other hand two of the robbers were caught and shot by court-martial in Ketskemet. One does not go through this sort of thing in our dull part of the world. About the time when you awoke this morning you little thought that just at that moment I and Hildebrand were flying at full speed across the steppe in Kumania, an amiable sun-tanned lancer officer beside me, both of us having our loaded pistols before us in the hay, and a detachment of lancers, cocked carbines in hand, galloping at our heels. Three speedy little horses drew us. Two of these have the standard names of Rosa and Csillag (star), and the one trotting alongside Betyar (vagabond);

they are invariably addressed by these names, and in beseeching tones by the coachman, until, holding the whip square across his forehead, he shouts out, "*Mega, mega*" ("More, more"), when the gallop changes to headlong speed—a very pleasant sensation. The robbers did not show because, as my nutty-brown lieutenant said, they would have already known before the dawn that I was travelling with an escort, but that to a certainty some of them were amongst those worthy, imposing-looking peasants who stared at us at the different stations from their embroidered sheepskin sleeveless cloaks reaching to the ground, and who greeted us with a frank and straightforward "*Istem adiamek*" ("God be praised"). The heat of the sun was red-hot the whole day: I am as red as a crayfish in the face; I have done ninety miles in twelve hours, of which two to three hours, if not more, must be deducted for waiting and changing teams, seeing that the twelve horses which I required for ourselves and the escort had first to be caught. Moreover, about a third of the way was deep soft sand and sandy downs like those at Stopmünde. I arrived here at five o'clock,

where a motley crowd of Hungarians, Slovacks, and Walachians enlivened the streets (Szolnok is a village of about six thousand inhabitants, but has a railway and steamer station on the Theiss), and the maddest and wildest gipsy tunes are echoing to my room. Occasionally, with wide gaping mouths, they sing through the nose, in low plaintive minor discords, tales of black eyes and of the brave death of a robber; the tones reminding one of a wind howling slavonically down the chimney. The women are upon the whole well-built, some extraordinarily beautiful; all have jet-black hair hanging behind in plaits done up with red ribbon. The married women, with either glaring green and red kerchiefs or little red velvet caps trimmed with gold on their heads, a very fine yellow silk kerchief tied over the breast and shoulders, black, also pure blue short petticoat and red morocco boots which reach up beneath the dress, fresh colouring (mostly a yellowish brown) in the face, and large burning black eyes. On the whole an assembly of these women presents a shifting play of colour which would please you; the shade in each separate costume being as decisively

marked as is possible. After my arrival at five o'clock, and whilst waiting for dinner, I took a swim in the Theiss, then saw them dance the *csardas*, regretted that I could not draw, so that I might fix these fabulous figures on paper for you, afterwards ate *paprika hähndel* (a national dish of chickens with red pepper), *stürl* (a fish), and *tick*, drank a good deal of Hungarian wine, wrote my letters, and will now go to bed if the gipsy music will let me sleep. Good-night. *Istem adiamek!*

PESTH, 28.

AGAIN I see the mountains of Ofen, this time from below, from the Pesth side. From the plains which I have just quitted one could see in the distance the faint blue outlines of the Carpathians, sixty to ninety miles away. To the south and east a boundless plain, stretching in one direction far into Turkey, and in the other towards Siebenbürgen. The heat to-day was again scorching, and has peeled the skin off my face. At the present moment there is a "warm" gale blowing so heavily over the steppe

that the houses are shaking. I have had a swim in the Danube, looked at the magnificent suspension bridge from underneath, paid some visits, listened to some very good gipsy music on the promenade, and shall now go speedily to bed. The country on the borders of the Pusta, where it commences to be more under cultivation, reminds one of the neighbourhood about Rommelow, Romahn, and Coseger. The gipsies are ashy-black in their faces, fabulously costumed; the children quite naked, with the exception of a string of glass beads round their throats. Two women had handsome, regular features, and were also cleaner and better dressed than the men. If the Hungarians wish to hear a dance played a second time, they call out, quite astonished: "*Hody wol? hody?*" ("How was that? how?") and look at each other interrogatively, as though they had not understood it, notwithstanding that they know the music by heart. They are altogether a curious people, but please me very well. My lancer escort was not so bad an idea, after all.

About the same time when I left Ketskemet in a southerly direction, sixty-three carriages

went northwards to Körös; two hours later they were stopped and plundered. Shots were sent after a colonel, who happened to be driving in front of these carriages, because he would not stop, and a horse received a ball through the neck, but not so as to drop it; and as the colonel and his two servants, in driving off at a gallop, returned the fire, the robbers preferred to lay hold of the other travellers. They did not harm any one, however; only one or two persons were robbed, or rather put to contribution; for they do not take all one's money, but demand from each person a sum in accordance with his property and their own need. For instance, they permit forty florins, which they have demanded, to be counted out of a purse containing a thousand without touching the remainder; consequently, robbers with whom one can reason.

VIENNA, 30*th*.

HERE I am once more in the "Roman Emperor." Whilst you were looking on the Rhine from the castle of Coblenz, and were waiting for our king and master, I was gazing

on the Danube from the castle in Ofen, and had an *after-dinner conversation* with the young emperor, in a window embrasure, about Prussian military law; and curiously enough, on the same afternoon when you all visited Ehrenbreitstein and Stolzenfels, I took a drive through the citadel, which lies above the palace, into the wooded hills of Ofen. The view from the former is wonderful; it recalls to my mind that of Prague, but it has more background; is therefore more like Ehrenbreitstein on this head; and the Danube is grander than the Moldau. I arrived here yesterday evening at half-past six, by train from Pesth.

BLANKENBERG, 1/11/52.

AN unusual early rising, caused by the fact that my room is a thoroughfare for the Court servants who are still sleeping, allows me time to write these lines. Our queen is also here, and is just being awakened by the gentle music of a brass band. I have not done so well this time at Letzlingen in shooting as three years ago... It was Friday. Three fallow deer, *voilà tout!* One of them will, I hope, be in your

possession to-day. The wild boar you must eat with respect, and pickle some of it. His Majesty shot it with his own royal hands. Otherwise it was very pleasant here, and as I found N. N. here, I am not obliged to go to Berlin, and hope to be with you in the evening of the day after to-morrow. Please inform . . . . of this, and also that his appointment at our Court at Berlin is considered as quite certain.

v. B.

The band is still playing, and very well, even the Freischütz aria, "Ob auch die Wolke sie Verhülle." Most appropriate in this uncertain weather.

OSTEND, 19 *Aug.* '53.

As yet, exclusive of to-day, I have bathed three times here, and have been well satisfied. Strong waves and soft beach. Most people bathe close under the dyke, which forms the promenade, ladies and gentlemen together; the first in very unbecoming long dark woollen gowns, the latter in a tricot—jacket and trousers

in one piece—so that the arms and legs remain almost completely uncovered. Only the consciousness of a faultless figure can give one of us the audacity to produce himself thus before the whole world of ladies.

* * *

BRUSSELS, 21 *August*, '53.

I LEFT Ostend with regret, and am full of longing for it to-day. I have found an old love again there, and in truth as unaltered and full of charms as when we first met, Precisely at the hour now present I find the separation painful, and look forward with impatience to the moment when meeting again at Nordeney I can again throw myself on her heaving bosom. I really can hardly understand why one does not always live by the sea, and why I allowed myself to be talked into passing two days in this straight-lined heap of stones to see bull-fights, Waterloo, and pompous processions. Had I not the, to me, most vexatious appointment with N. N., I should have stayed a few weeks longer at Ostend, and given up N. N. I shall remain here at least until noon to-morrow,

and shall start then, or the day after to-morrow early, for Antwerp, Rotterdam, Amsterdam; from thence by steamer to Harlingen, and over Friesland to Nordeney. I fear that N. N. will soon disturb me there, and when I once get to Bremen with him I hardly know whether I shall do that tedious road to N . . . . over again; but shall probably set off over Hanover, Hamm, Cassel, Frankfort, to such place as you may be inhabiting. When you write to me, address to Nordeney.

'AMSTERDAM, 24 *August*, '53.

IN Brussels and Antwerp I had so many fêtes and so much sight-seeing, that I could not get a quiet moment by any means. I passed a horrible night on a camp-stool, leaving Antwerp in an overcrowded steamer at one o'clock in the night. Through a crooked labyrinth formed by arms of the Scheldt, Maas, and Rhine, I reached Rotterdam at two this morning, and this place about four. It is a curious place. Several streets are like those in Venice, some with the water right up to the walls, others with the

canal as a dyke-road, and narrow lime-tree-planted paths before the houses; the last with fantastically-formed gables, curious and smoky, almost as if ghost-haunted, with chimneys as if a man were standing on his head, and had spread his legs out wide asunder. What does not smack of Venice is the bustling life and activity, the mass of fine shops, one Gerson[1] after another, and got up to a greater extent, as far as I can faintly recollect them, than those of Paris and London. When I, with a long clay pipe in my mouth, listen to the chime of the bells, whilst looking through the forest of masts, over the canals, on the gables and chimneys in the background—more intricate and fantastic than ever in the twilight—I recall all the old Dutch ghost stories of my childhood, from Dolph Hetzlinger and Rix van Winkel to the Flying Dutchman. I am going to-morrow morning early with the steamer to Harlingen on the Zuydersee, and to-morrow evening I hope to be in Nordeney, the most distant point from you which I think of touching, and then the time

[1] A famous silk mercer's and dress establishment at Berlin.

will not be far off when I shall meet you unexpectedly on some glacier. I have not heard anything from Berlin since Ostend, and thence conclude that all storms have quieted down, and the waters returned to their old bed, the most pleasant thing which could happen for us. I am very glad that I have seen Holland. From Rotterdam to this place it is one equally green and level grass meadow, with many clumps of bushes on it, much cattle grazing, and several towns cut out of old picture-books placed upon it; no plough at all.

NORDENEY, 27 *August*, '53.

I RAN in here yesterday evening on board a broad-beamed Dutch galliot, in the midst of thunder, lightning, and rain. I have taken a magnificent sea-bath to-day, after a week of privation, and am sitting in a fishing-cottage, with a feeling of great loneliness and longing for you, which is increased partly by the crying of the landlord's children in the next room, and partly by the melancholy accompaniment of the whistling bluster of the storm on the gable and

flagstaff. It promises to be thoroughly dull here, which just suits me as I have got a heavy bit of work to get through. I wrote to you last from Amsterdam, and before that from Brussels. Since then I have seen a charming little country (West Friesland), quite flat, but such bushy green hedges, and with a separate wood round each pretty cottage, that one longs for the peaceful independence which appears to be at home there. * * will probably ascribe this satisfactory feeling to the circumstance that, as at Linz and Gmünden, all the girls here are pretty as a picture, only taller and slimmer than there; fair, complexions of milk and roses, and with a very becoming helmet-like golden head-dress.

TO FRAU VON ARNIM.

FRANKFORT (*no date*).

FORCED, during the sitting, to listen to an incredibly long and tedious address of a highly-esteemed colleague, on the subject of the anarchical state of affairs in Upper Lippe, I meditated how I could utilise this moment, and the

most predominant craving of my heart turned out to be a gush of brotherly feeling. It is a very estimable but not very amusing table-circle which surrounds me here; a green-clothed circular table, twenty feet in diameter, on the ground-floor of the Taxis Palace, with the look-out upon the garden. The average stamp is about that of N. N. and Z. in Berlin; they have just the Diet *pli!*

I shoot a good deal. Such preserves! where a single gun kills from six to fifteen hares and a few pheasants, more rarely a roebuck or a fox, and at whiles a bit of red deer flies in the far distance. I have managed to allow time for this by means of being very much lazier than I was last year, seeing that my industry has no results in Berlin.

N. N. is not so amiable as formerly; he listens to all sorts of lying gossip, and allows himself to be constantly talked over into the idea that I am striving to be his follower, whilst I am only too glad if they will leave me where I am.

I am accustoming myself, with feelings of yawning innocence, to bear all symptoms of coldness, and to let a state of mind of the

utmost indifference govern me since the time when, I flatter myself, I was gradually enabled, in no small degree, to successfully contribute towards deeply impressing upon the Bund a consciousness of their own nonentity. That well-known song of Heine's, "O Bund, Du Hund, Du bist nicht gesund, &c." ("Oh Bund, thou hound, Thou art not sound,") will soon be exalted by unanimous resolve as the national anthem of the Germans. Nobody cares about the East here: let the Russians or the Turks publish whatever they like in the newspapers, no one here believes in land or sea fights, and they dispute the existence of Sinope, Kalafat, and Schefketil.

Darmstadt has at last left off reading, and I throw myself into your arms, deeply touched, and wish you a happy fête. Many greetings to Oscar,

Your true brother,
v. B.

FRANKFORT, *Spring*, 1854.

I SHOULD have wished, under all circumstances, to have brought you my congratulations

in person, particularly at the present moment, when I know my vagabondizing wife is staying with you. Unfortunately, however, we are too full of our own importance here to be able to withhold the light of our wisdom from distracted Europe. Whoever talks of holidays now is looked upon as a traitor to the world-historical task appertaining to the Confederation Germ. I am quite home-sick for country, woodside and laziness, with the indispensable addition of loving wives and well-behaved trim children. If a cry of one of these hopeful creatures reaches me from the street, my heart fills with paternal feelings and educational maxims. How do our offspring get on together, and are mine well-behaved? I have had to write these few lines in three periods because N. N. and N. N. East and West disturbed me whilst at it, and just at this moment Z. is announced. He is certain not to go under an hour, and therefore I take my leave of you. I wanted to go fishing to-day (having sunk so low) with the Englishman, but it rained too hard, so instead of that I am the victim of visitors. Farewell! and live long.

YOUR TRUE BROTHER.

NOT NAMED.

REINFELD IN POMERANIA,
11 *Sept.*, 1856.

IN November I fancy that the Bund will dedicate its sittings to the Holsteiners, and with more good will than success. On the above subject the several governments will be outwardly united. Austria, however, will remain in secret the friend of the Danes, and in her press will have her mouth full of German phrases, and place the fault on Prussia that nothing is done. The centre of gravity on this matter is, in fact, not at Frankfort, but in whether the Danes are sure of support from one or more of the non-German Great Powers. If this is the case they will discover a legal flaw in the decision of the Bund.

TO FRAU VON ARNIM.

REINFELD, 15*th October*, 1856.

IT is as if I were not to get to Kröchlendorf at all. Harry will have told you in what manner I proposed so doing. I should have

been already with you, but that my poor little Marie was seized with a bad sort of chicken-pox last week, and I could not therefore well leave Johanna before seeing what form it took. She is still freckled like a trout, but decidedly convalescent. To-day I was about to fly direct to Passow, but received a letter from * * yesterday, wherein he expresses his wish to meet me on the 18th at . . . . As a diplomatist I cannot decline to pay my respects to our truest, to our most faithful Bund ally, and to one of the Olympian gods of the Frankfort heathendom. Provided, therefore, I get no dunning letter meanwhile from Berlin, I still hope to rest in your sisterly arms on the 19th. If I can get away from . . . . by the evening of the 18th, I shall leave Stettin by the early morning train. If I cannot get away early on the 19th, I still hope to reach Stettin for the twelve o'clock train, if the postillions are to be got anyhow into a trot. Do not put off any meals for me.

TO THE SAME.

FRANKFORT, *Nov. 26th*, 1856.

BERNHARD will have related to you through what a complication of children's illnesses and royal orders my calculations as to time were disarranged, and how * * who is, for me, an object of official consideration, shortened my spare time in addition; and this was how it came, therefore, that a few hours before our mutually intended journey to Kröchlendorf, I was obliged to announce to the male as well as to the female Bernhard, that I could only accompany them as far as Passow. At this aforesaid Uckermärkian frontier spot, I fell in with * * and in Angermünde * * joined us, so that after my simple country life I was effectually prepared by ministerial discussions and a three-hour cigarless state for the Berlin strait-waistcoat. It was as if I had been doomed not to get to Kröchlendorf. I had full time and intention to do so after the close of the Berlin marriage fêtes, and it was only after a conversation with * * that I decided to go to Reinfeld first, and to

come to you on my way back, to remain with him about eight days there, as he could only get leave in October, and our agreement was that I should come about the 15th and return with him to Berlin about the 22nd. On the 2nd my little one fell ill, and at first alarmingly so; then Obotrit fell in with me on parade; then the summons to His Majesty in Berlin, where I should have arrived quite soon enough by the 25th of October. And now here I am; have seen the sun twice in four weeks, and repeat to myself daily that it is quite impossible to live in November without wife and children. In a despairing state of *ennui* I give dinners. The evenings are taken up by one *rout* after another, and I shall soon begin to gamble if Johanna does not speedily march into the empty rooms. She intended leaving Reinfeld on Saturday, the 22nd, but wrote me a somewhat dejected letter on the 20th, about cold and snow, which I received on the 23rd. Since then I have not the faintest notion whether she is the other side of the Gottenberg, or this side of Randow. I had advised her to ask you to aid her in preparatory deliberation touching her accommodation

in Berlin, and to let you know by telegraph from Cöslin the exact time when she might arrive in Berlin. I lodged the last time in . . . . pretty comfortably, but it appeared to me as if this youthful establishment was either tottering or already finished. If Johanna is by chance in Berlin, give her my love. I shall perhaps come there myself on Saturday. I have received an intimation to appear in the Herrenhaus, the form of which, however, makes me doubt whether His Majesty really desires to see *me* in person, as is expressed therein, or wishes only to see there his humble Herren and servants *en bloc*. In this latter case I should not consider myself called upon to orphanise my important business and the chimney corner in my red study for the purpose of sticking fast in the snow near Halle, and afterwards under the heading of "People, nobles, bailiffs, and priests," to enliven the great *ensemble* of the "White Hall" with a *nuance* of costume. I am still expecting an answer from Berlin as to whether I am wanted there as a decoration or as an actor; in the latter case I should arrive in Berlin on Saturday morning. I should be delighted to see you on

that occasion to make amends for Kröchlendorf, but in other respects I am glad if I can keep away from Berlin, and receive my family as soon as possible here.

PARIS, HOTEL DE DOUVRES,
April, 1857.

I HAVE five fireplaces, and still feel cold; five clocks going, and never know how late it is; eleven large looking-glasses, and my necktie is always awry. I shall probably have to remain here until Tuesday evening, although I am longing to get home. Since November I have not got out of this vagabondizing life, and I have not had the feeling of regular and settled home-life since you went with Johanna to Schwalbach last summer. And now, in addition, they even wanted to summon me to Berlin about the salt-tax. Even if I had time, I could not take part in this debate. With my convictions I cannot vote with the Government, and if I joined the Opposition it would be hardly decent to ask for leave to desert my post *for that;* and viewing also the rumours touching

my eventual entrance into the Ministry, about which Johanna, on the ground of your information, writes despairingly, they really might believe that I had views concerning all the humbug.

Hearty greetings to Oscar,

v. B.

TO HIS WIFE.

COPENHAGEN, 6 *Aug.*, '57.

I ARRIVED here safely this morning after a very pleasant voyage. Soft air, red moon, chalk-rocks illuminated by tar-barrels, a couple of thunderstorms at sea, and a stiff breeze; what can one want more? The lovely night, however, kept me out of bed. When, about two o'clock, the rain drove me off the deck, it was so hot and steaming with human beings below, that I went on deck again about three o'clock with cloak and cigar. I have just had a dip in the sea, breakfasted on lobster, am to be at Court at half-past one, and will therefore now take a couple of hours' nap.

NÄSBYHOLM, *August* 9, '57.

You will have received my lines from Copenhagen, written directly after my arrival there. Since then I have been occupied two days with museums and politics. Crossed over to Malmö yesterday, and drove about eight miles in a north-easterly direction, and here I am at the above-named place in a white castle lying high up on a peninsula surrounded by a large lake. Through the window I look into a dense foliage of ivy, which allows some glimpses on the water and the hills beyond; the sun is shining, flies are buzzing; behind me sits * * reading and sleeping; beneath the window broad Swedish is spoken, and from the kitchen a grater is sounding up here like a saw. This is all I can tell you about the present. We went out stalking roebucks yesterday, brought one down. I did not fire a shot, got soaking wet, then warm wine, and a sound sleep for nine hours. The roebucks are larger here than I ever saw them before, and the scenery is finer than I expected. Magnificent beech woods, and in the garden walnut-trees as thick as a man. We have just

inspected the pheasant aviary, and after dinner we are going out on the lake; shall probably shoot a wild duck, if we are not afraid of disturbing the Sunday silence of this beautiful solitude by the report of a gun. To-morrow there will be regular shooting; the day after to-morrow return to Copenhagen, and from thence to N. N.; there, deer-shooting on Wednesday; Thursday by Copenhagen to Helsingborg, about seventy miles into the interior of Sweden. Capercailzies and black-cocks in the desert wilderness; our quarters in peasant-cottages; cooking-stove and provisions we take with us. That will last about eight days, and what I shall then do I do not yet know—perhaps to Stockholm—either over Iönköping, at the south end of the Wetter Lake, and across that, or else to Christiania, giving up Stockholm, or to Curland, by way of Memel. This all depends upon a letter which I am still awaiting from * * in Copenhagen.

TOMSJONÄS, 16 *August*, '57.

AGAIN I take advantage of the Sunday's rest to send you a sign of life, although I do

not know as yet on what day it will find an opportunity to reach the post from this wilderness. I drove about seventy-five miles through the most solitary forest to reach this place, and one hundred and twenty-five miles lie still before me ere any agricultural district can be reached. Far and wide no town, no village, only a few settlers in wooden huts, with a little barley and potatoes on a few roods of cultivated land, which peeps out at irregular intervals between dead trees, pieces of rock, and brambles. Picture to yourself the most deserted part of the country near Viartlum,[1] make it five hundred square miles altogether, high heather alternating with short grass and bog, impenetrably thick at times, with birch, juniper, fir, beech, oak, and alder, and then, desert-looking and thinly wooded, the whole strewn with countless stones, reaching at times to masses of rock the size of a house, a scent of rosemary and resin over all; here and there, curiously-shaped lakes, surrounded by heathery hills and woods; imagine this and you have Småland, where I am at present located.

[1] A property in Pomerania belonging to the Putzkammer family.

In very truth the land of my dreams, unreachable by despatches, colleagues, and N. N., but unfortunately also by yourself. I should like right well to have a little shooting-box on the banks of one of these quiet lakes, and to people it for some months with all the loved ones whom I now fancy assembled at Reinfeld. The winter, to be sure, would be impossible to endure here, particularly in the muddy-rain period. Yesterday we started at five o'clock, stalked in burning heat up hill and down hill, through swamp and bush, and found nothing—and walking in swampy ground and impenetrable juniper thickets, over large boulders and prostrate trees is very tiring. We then took a nap in a hay-shed until two o'clock, drank a good deal of milk, and shot again until sunset, managing to bring down twenty-five black-cock and two capercailzies. We dined then in the shooting-box, built of wood after a curious fashion, and situated on a peninsula in the lake. My bedroom and its three chairs, two tables, and bedstead, offers no other colour than that of the rough pine planks of which they, as well as the entire house and its walls, are composed. Bed very hard: but after all the hard work one sleeps without rocking.

From my window I see a hill covered with heather in blossom; upon it birch-trees swinging themselves in the wind; between them peeps the mirrored lake, and, on the other side, fir forest. Near the house a tent camp is erected for the keepers, coachmen, servants, and beaters; then a fortress of carriages and carts, and a small dog-town—eighteen to twenty kennels—on both sides of the street which they form, and out of each peeps a doggy, tired with the yesterday's sport. I intend remaining in this desert until Wednesday or Thursday, then to go to another shooting ground near the beach, and be back again in Copenhagen this day week, on account of those troublesome politics. What will there occur I do not yet know.

The 17th.

Six wolves were here early this morning, and worried a poor ox. We found their fresh tracks, but did not get a sight of them personally. We were on the move from four in the morning until eight in the evening, shot four black-cocks, slept a couple of hours on fresh-cut heather, and are now going, dead-tired, to bed.

The 19th.

It is quite impossible to send a letter off from here without sending a messenger to the post, sixty miles away. I shall therefore take this myself to the coast to-morrow. I had a fall the day before yesterday, and sprained my left leg, in consequence of looking more at the dog who was pointing than on the ground over which I was going. We had an uncommonly hard day yesterday, a long way from here, and rocky ground, my gains being a young capercailzie, and a lameness sufficient to make me stay at home to-day and apply water bandages, in order that I may be able to travel to-morrow and shoot the day after. I wonder at myself for remaining at home and alone in this lovely weather, and can hardly suppress the abominably envious desire that the others may also kill nothing. It is somewhat too late in the year; the partridges will not lie, otherwise there would have been much better sport. Charming scenery we had yesterday: large lakes, with their banks and islands; mountain streams falling over boulders of granite rock; lake edges with firs, and masses of gray rock; miles of plain, without

houses or culture;—all just as God had created it; forest, greensward, heath, morass, lake. I shall, after all, have to emigrate here.

Two Danish chamberlains have returned already; it got too hot for them. They have shot nothing, and are now lying down to sleep. It is nearly six o'clock in the evening, and the others will not be here before eight. I have entertained myself the whole day by learning Danish, and that from the old doctor who makes me the poultices. We brought him with us from Copenhagen; there are none here. Since the news of the presence of a doctor here has been spread in the woods, twenty to thirty of the hut-people come streaming in daily to ask his advice. On Sunday evening we gave a very amusing dancing-party to the wood-cutters inhabiting the twenty-five square miles in the neighbourhood of the shooting-ground, the dancing music being alternately vocal and instrumental. It was here where they heard of the learned man; and now cripples, who have been incurables for twenty years, are arriving in hopes of aid from him.

KÖNIGSBERG, *Sept.* 12*th*, '57.

WITH great delight did I find your four letters at Polangen (which place, by-the-way, is not in Prussia but in Russia), and see by them that all has gone well with yourself and the children. I have got on very well, the Patagonians were one and all of a touching amiability towards me; a stranger will hardly find the like again in another country. In addition to several roebucks and fallow-deer, I have brought to bag five elks, and amongst them one stag with capital antlers; he measured up to the withers, straight measurement (no ribbon work), six feet eight inches, and carried besides his colossal head over that. He rolled over like a hare, but as he still lived, I compassionately gave him another shot, and had hardly fired it when another stag, I fancy larger than the first, trotted so close past me that Engel, who was loading, jumped behind a tree to avoid being run over, and I was obliged to content myself with peaceably looking after him, as I had no shot left. I cannot by any means shake off this unhappy reminiscence, and am therefore forced to bewail it to you. I wounded another

besides, which they will probably find, and one. I missed completely. I might thus, you see, have shot three more. The day before yesterday evening we started from Dondangen, and did two hundred miles with no road, but straight through forest and plain, over stump and stone, in twenty-nine hours; the carriage was open, and one had to hold on to avoid being pitched out. After three hours' sleep in Memel, we came on early this morning with the steamer here, from whence we leave this evening for Berlin, where we shall arrive to-morrow evening. "We" are Behr and myself. I cannot stop at Hohendorf. I ought to have been in Berlin to-day, according to my leave, but then I should have had to give up the best part of the shooting, that at Dondangen, with its heavy stags or "timber-heads," as they term them there, and should have missed seeing how the axle of a peasant's cart broke down under the weight of such a huge animal. The Emperor comes to Berlin on Monday; I ought to be there before this event, and indeed ought to arrive "several days" previously. I hope to come back to Hohendorf and Reinfeld from Berlin. Supposing,

however, that the king goes to Frankfort, it will not be very probable.

TO FRAU VON ARNIM.

FRANKFORT, *19th December*, 1857.

YOUR true sisterly heart has so kindly offered itself for Christmas commissions that I make no further excuse for giving you the occasion to expose yourself repeatedly to the seductions of Gerson and other enticing rascals, and ask you *sans phrase* for the following Christmas purchases for Johanna.

1. A bit of jewellery; she wishes for an opal heart like the one you have, and a person's desire is his paradise; I am prepared to pay about £30 for it. If one can get for that price two earrings, each consisting of one diamond, set as free as possible, I should find it more tasteful. You have similar ones, but they will be very much dearer, and if you prefer the opal heart as an ornament for the neck, I will try and find a pair of earrings by-and-by to suit the pearl.

2. A dress for about £15, not more; she

wishes for one "delicate white by candle light," *à deux passes, moirée antique*, or something of that sort; she requires about twenty yards.

3. If you can pick up a gilt fan, well worth the money and pretty, and which rattles a good deal, then buy it also; the outside price, £1 10*s*. I cannot bear these things.

4. A large warm rug, to cover the knees in the carriage; design of a tiger, with head and glass eyes; may also be imitation of fox or hippopotamus; any kind of wild animal. I have seen such a one at . . . . of very soft wool, hardly costing thirty shillings.

If you want to remain a charming sister then buy all this for me, and send it off directly, per goods express, to the address of Hofrath * * Prussian Embassy.

I have to write so much about Holstein, Mayence, the bridge at Kehl, and all sorts of stories in Berlin, that I have had to refuse two capital shooting invitations—red deer.

Johanna and the children are well. The former would send you her love if she knew I was writing to you. Do not let her suspect it, dear, and good-bye, Greet Oscar. The money

I will repay you through Fritz, the collector, at New Year.

NOT NAMED.

FRANKFORT, *2nd April*, 1858.

I AM quite of your opinion that our position in the Zollverein (Customs' League) has been bungled. I go still further, inasmuch as I am firmly convinced that we shall have to withdraw from the whole arrangement as soon as the term has expired. The reasons for the above conviction are too long-winded to unfold them here, and too closely bound up with one another to name them separately. We must give notice of withdrawal at the risk of remaining alone with Dessau and Sondershausen.

It is not, moreover, *desirable* that this latter should be the case, or at least, that it should last long. On this account, during the period which it has still to run, we must make the Zollverein as agreeable as possible to the other States, and, if it be possible, an indispensable need, so that, after the notice of withdrawal, they may seek to joins us on *our* terms. A part of this system is to let them draw higher net

revenues than they would be able to obtain without Prussia from their frontier custom-dues. Another part of it is not to let it appear to them that the continuation of a Zollverein with Prussia is essentially impossible. This, however, will be the case if, in addition to the 28 governments, some 50 other corporations, guided by very extreme local interests, are enabled to exercise a *liberum veto*. If the Prussian Chambers take up this line, the "I'm-as-good-as-you" humbug of the German Governments will not permit the rest to stand aloof; they will also wish to puff themselves out with importance.

I think, in order to avoid these rocks in such Zollverein as Prussia may have to form anew after 1865, that with reference to the exercise of the right of consent on the part of these corporations in matters concerning the Zollverein, we must borrow an arrangement from the union schemes of 1849, and establish a sort of Zollverein Parliament, with an agreement for *itio in partes*, if the others demand it. The governments will be with difficulty brought to this; but if we were bold and consistent, we could

achieve a great deal. The proposition contained in your letters to make the Prussian Chambers the basis of our efforts at hegemony, by means of therein representing all German taxpayers, rests on the same grounds. The Chambers and the press might be the most potent auxiliaries of our foreign policy. In the matter in hand, whatever may be the result of the note, our Zollverein politics must, at all events, point out in the most decided manner the evils at present existing to Prussia, and the necessity for us to terminate them, so that an acquaintance with these facts may force its way. Your letter ought to be a leading article in the *Kreutz Zeitung*, instead of lying here on my table. Chambers and press ought to discuss the German Customs policy broadly and unreservedly from the Prussian standpoint. The flagging attention of Germany would then be recalled to this point, and the Commons-House of Prussia become a power in the land. I should wish to see the Zollverein and the Bund, together with Prussia's position towards both, become subject to the dissecting-knife of the sharpest criticism in our Chambers; from such

the king, his ministers and their policy, if they understand their trade, can reap nothing but profit. I should desire, however, to see, as the result of such a discussion, that the proposition should be *adopted* by a small majority, seeing that, for the immediate future of the Zollverein, it is more necessary to fetter the German Governments to their flesh-pots than it is to win the sympathies of their subjects. These latter are powerless, and, as touching them, a forcible, competent, and straightforward debate effects as much as the chances of a division . . . .

TO HIS SISTER.

FRANKFORT, *12th Nov.*, 1858.

YOUR letter was an unexpected pleasure; in the address it looked exactly like one from Johanna, and I wondered how she had come to be in the Uckermark. I have not been able to write sooner; my time has been taken up partly with business, partly with a cold, and partly with shooting. I did not know also what I should write to you, touching the new phenomenon in the political sky, that I could not have said also

about the comet: an interesting appearance, whose arrival was unexpected by me, whose object and nature was still unknown to me. Our astronomers can, however, calculate the comet's orbit pretty accurately, and that might be difficult for them in the case of the new political Pleiads. Johanna and her children arrived here early this morning, well, thank God, but not cheerful. She is depressed by all the political fears which have been instilled into her in Pomerania and Berlin, and I exert myself in vain to imbue her with proper spirits. The natural annoyance of the housewife has also something to do with it, when it becomes doubtful whether one will stay in a house which has just been newly-furnished at trouble and expense. She came here with the belief that I would immediately request my demission. I do not know whether they will not give it me without asking, or translate me in such a manner, that I must for decency's sake resign.

If the Commons keep up the connection with the Conservative party, and honestly exert themselves to bring about an understanding and peace *at home*, they will be enabled to hold an

indubitable advantage in our *foreign* relations, and that is worth much to me, for "we had come down, and did not ourselves know how." I felt this here most painfully. I fancy that they have put the prince at the top purposely to have a guarantee against party government and against slipping to the left. If I am mistaken in this, or if they want me out of the way in order simply to satisfy the place-hunters, I shall retire under the guns of Schoenhausen observe how government is carried on in Prussia supported by a majority of the left, and exert myself to my best in the Upper House. Change is the soul of life, and happily I shall feel myself 10 years younger when I am in the same fighting position as in '48–'49. When I find that the parts of the diplomatist and the gentleman are no longer compatible one with the other, the pleasure or the burden of expending a high salary with credit will not mislead me in my choice. I have sufficient to live according to my wants, and so long as God preserves wife and children in good health as up to now, then I say *vogue la galère* in whatever channel it may be. After thirty years it will assuredly be indifferen

to myself whether I now play the part of diplomatist or country squire, and hitherto, the prospect of a fresh and honest struggle, without being embarrassed by any political fetters—so to say, political swimming-drawers—has had just as much charm for me as the prospect of a continued *régime* of truffles, despatches, and grand crosses. After nine, all is over, says the actor. More than these, my personal feelings, I cannot as yet tell you; the riddle is before me still unsolved. Meanwhile, I take a particular pleasure in the Bund; all the gentlemen who only six months ago demanded my recall as a necessary condition towards German unity, now tremble at the thought of losing me. * * calls up as a phantom picture the reminiscences of '48, and they are like a pigeon-cote that has caught sight of a weasel, so alarmed are they by democracy, barricades, parliament and . . . .; * * falls pathetically into my arms, and says with a convulsive pressure of my hand, "We shall be forced back again on *one* field." The Frenchman naturally, but even the Englishman, looks on us as incendiaries, and the Russian is afraid that the Emperor, taking example from us,

might waver in his plans of reform. Naturally I say to them all: "Only keep calm, the affair will be all right presently;" and have the satisfaction of hearing them answer: "Yes, if you remain here we should have a guarantee, but * * !" If his ears have not tingled lately with Frankfort talk, he has no drum in them. From being a respectable liberal-conservative, he has here in one week been degraded in the imagination of his eventual colleagues to a red-hot tiger-spotted tool of Kinkel and d'Ester. The Bamberg diplomatist talks of a continental insurance against Prussian incendiarism, a three-emperors' alliance against us, and a new Olmütz with "actual operations." In short, it begins to be dull in the political world. My children cry out "Pietsch is coming," delighted that I have a servant at Schoenhausen of this name, and it seems that the arrival of this Pietsch and the comet was really not without significance. A heartfelt good-bye, my own darling, and greetings to Oscar; he mustn't droop his ears—the whole thing is only bosh.

TO THE SAME.

FRANKFORT, 10 *December*, 1858.

YOU have rightly anticipated in your letter to Johanna that your kindness would be claimed for one more Christmas commission. I should like to give Johanna a bracelet. The kind that hovers before me is broad, smooth, coat-of-mail like, flexible, made up of small square pieces of gold in chessboard pattern, *without* jewels, pure gold, and as massive as is to be obtained for about £30. If you happen to find another style which pleases you better, I have all confidence in your taste. What just happens to be the fashion is not *therefore* preferable to me; one keeps such things after all longer than the fashion lasts. Be so kind as to have it addressed to Hofrath * * Prussian Embassy, with a note for me enclosed; otherwise the old gentleman might think it was a little attention towards himself.

Johanna will have told you how we have gone through children's ailings, and I have been unable for weeks to get rid of cold and dyspepsia. I don't know whether much or little sleep, a

strict diet or excess, sitting in my room or out shooting, help or hurt me. I have been alternating between them all with a view to the improvement of my health. About my translation or dismissal all is again quiet. For some time Petersburg appeared to me to be pretty certain, and I had become so familiar with the idea that I felt more or less disappointed when it was stated that I should remain here. It will probably be bad weather here, politically speaking, and I should have preferred to await such in bears' furs, and with caviare and elk-shooting. Our new Cabinet is still looked upon with mistrust from abroad. Only Austria, with sly calculation, throws them the bait of her praise; whilst * * secretly warns everyone against us, and you may be sure that all his colleagues do the same at every Court. "The cat does not leave his mouse." The Ministers will at last be obliged to show their colours; abuse of the Kreutz Zeitung will not answer the purpose for ever. I shall hardly come to Berlin in the winter. It would be very nice if you would all visit us here, before I am "put out in the cold" on the Neva.

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LETTERS DURING THE TIME OF THE PETERSBURG EMBASSY.

TO HIS WIFE.

PSKOW, 28/3/59.

RUSSIA lengthened as we drove; the versts increased their family at every halt; but we are at last in the haven of the railway. 96 hours from Königsberg without stopping; only in Kowno did we sleep for four hours, and three in Egypt (station near Dünaburg), I think, the day before yesterday. Now I am all right, only my skin burns, as I sat outside almost the whole night, and we varied between 1° and 12° (Réaumur) below zero. We had such deep snow, that with six—and sometimes eight—horses, we literally stuck fast and had to get out. The slippery hills were still worse, especially going down. We took an hour for a

distance of 20 yards, the horses coming down 4 times, and all 8 getting entangled together; add night and wind to all this—a regular ideal winter journey. It was impossible to sleep in my outside place, if only for the cold, but fresh air was best; sleep I can fetch up afterwards. The Niemen was open; the Wilna, a river you will hardly be acquainted with, but as broad as the Main, and rapid, ran thick with ice; the Düna had only one spot free from ice, where we crossed after 4 hours' waiting and three hours' of labour. The whole region is rather like West Pomerania, without villages, resembling chiefly the district between Bütow and Bohren; several good forests, but the greater number resembling the coasts of Neu-Kolpizlow. Many birch woods, miles of swamps, high road straight as a ruler, every 14 to 22 versts a posting-house —like Hornskrug—each well furnished, everything to be had, and rooms well heated; everybody very civil and the service punctual, only the other side of Dünaburg not enough horses; waited at a station near Kowno for 3 hours and then got tired beasts. Where the road was good they went capitally, galloped with the big,

heavy carriage for half a mile at a time; but they can't draw where the road is bad; for all that the postilions are smart fellows. My first impression of the common man has been excellent. It is now 6, and we have just dined. Opposite to me, as I write on the table-cloth, * * is sitting and smoking thoughtfully.

TO HIS SISTER.

PETERSBURG, 19/31, *March*, 1859.

SINCE early morning the day before yesterday I am here in the hotel Demidoff, in warm and dry quarters; but it was not without trouble that I got so far. Hardly had I passed Königsberg, a week ago, when a most violent snowstorm came on, and I have not since seen the natural colour of the earth's surface again. At Insterburg already it took me an hour with post-horses to do 5 miles. At Wirballen I found a diligence; the inside, however, was too small for my length; I therefore changed with Engel, and travelled the whole journey on the outside place, which is open in front—narrow seat, with acute-angled back; so that, setting aside the cold,

which at night rose to 12° (Réaumur) below zero, it was impossible to sleep. I remained in this position from Friday morning to Monday evening, and, with the exception of the first and last night in the railway, I only slept once for 3 hours, and again for 2 hours, on a sofa at a post-station, from Wednesday morning till Tuesday evening. The skin of my face peeled off when I arrived. The journey took so long, owing to the deep snow, which had just fallen, and consequently had not formed a sleighing-track. Several times we had to get out and walk, as the carriage with 8 horses absolutely stuck fast. The Düna was frozen, but, a couple of miles up, there was an open spot, where we crossed. The Wilna was full of ice, the Niemen was open. Occasionally there was a lack of horses, as all the post-carriages took 8 and 10, instead of the usual 3 and 4; less than 6 I never had, and the carriage was not over-heavy. Guard, postilion, and outrider did their utmost, so that I had to set my face against their horse-skinning. Slippery hills were the worst hindrance, especially coming down, when all four wheel-horses would sometimes fall over in a heap; only the

outrider on the off-side leader never came down; and hardly were they on their legs again, when on we went in full gallop with the high-packed carriage, down hill and over bridges, as fast as they could turn, with shouting and whip-cracking. It may be quite right, as the horses fell only when walking; but if in these gallops, which lasted for versts, they had fallen on sloping embankments, we too should have been nothing but the . . . . of prince * * It is over now, and it amuses me to have gone through it. The Neva here is as firm as granite, but yesterday sunshine and thaw set it. That the city is a handsome one is well known; but if I were to give myself up to the sensation of wonder, it would be at the extraordinary animation of the streets. Notwithstanding their breadth, it wants good coachmen to be able to wind one's way at a trot; it swarms so with carriages. Sleighs vanished yesterday. I did all my commissions the day before yesterday. The address for . . . . is written in the office. I arrived here unexpected.

1 *April.*

In writing the date, I am reminded that to-day is my birthday, the first time I spend it in a hard frost—for such we have again to-day—and the first time for twelve years without Johanna. Yesterday I had a long audience of the Empress-dowager, and was much pleased with the old lady's graceful and distinguished manner. To-day with the Emperor, so that I enter on my new functions just on my birthday. The Emperor shot two bears as late as the day before yesterday; now, unfortunately, it is all over with Bruin; he can't be got at, only by chance. The fresh snow has been swept away in three days' thaw; they say that the whole country is free. Business calls now. From Johanna and the children kind letters to-day.

TO FREIHERR VON SCHLEINITZ.

PETERSBURG, 12 *May*, 1859.

I have brought away, as the result of my experience, from the 8 years of my official life at Frankfort, the conviction that the present arrangements of the Bund form for Prussia an

oppressive and, in critical times, a perilous tie, without affording us in exchange the same equivalents which Austria derives from them, while she retains at the same time a much greater freedom of separate action. The two Powers are not measured by the princes and governments of the smaller states with the same measure; the interpretation of the objects and laws of the Bund are modified according to the requirements of the Austrian policy. In face of * * 's intimate knowledge of the question, I may refrain from demonstrating this by going into the details of the history of the policy of the Bund since the year 1850, and I confine myself to naming the items of the re-organisation of the Diet, the question of the German navy, the differences in the matter of the Zollverein, the legislation respecting trade, the press, the constitution, the fortresses of the Bund at Rastatt and Mainz, and the questions of Neufchâtel and the Eastern question. *Invariably we found ourselves confronted by the same compact majority, the same demand on Prussia's compliance.* In the Eastern question, Austria's specific weight proved itself so superior to ours

that even the unison of the wishes and inclinations of the allied governments, with the endeavours of Prussia, could only oppose to her a temporarily resisting dam. Almost without exception, our allies gave us then to understand, or even openly declared, that they were powerless to uphold the Bund with us, if Austria meant to go her own way, although it is indubitable that the laws of the Bund and true German interests were on the side of our peaceful policy; this was, at any rate at that time, the opinion of almost all the allied princes. Would these ever in a similar manner sacrifice their own inclinations and interests to the needs or even to the security of Prussia? Certainly not, since their attachment to Austria rests predominantly on false interests, which dictate to both sides an united front against Prussia, the repression of all progressive development of Prussia's power and influence as a lasting basis of their common policy. The completion of the present formation of the Bund, by placing Austria at its head, is the natural aim of the policy of the German princes and their ministers. This can only be achieved in their sense at the

expense of Prussia, and is necessarily directed against her alone, as long as Prussia will not limit herself to the useful task of insuring her allies, who have an equal interest and duty in the matter as herself, against too great a preponderance on the part of Austria, and to bear, with never-failing complacency and devotion to the wishes of the majority, the disproportion of her duties to her rights in the Bund. This tendency of the policy of the middle States will reappear with the constancy of the magnet after every transitory oscillation, because it represents no arbitrary product of single circumstances or persons, but forms for the smaller States a natural and necessary result of the conditions of the Bund. We have no means of coming to a satisfactory and reliable arrangement with her within the circle of the present Diet treaties.

Since the time our allies in the Bund, nine years ago, commenced, under Austria's leadership, to bring to the light of day, from the hitherto disregarded arsenal of the fundamental laws of the Bund, such principles as can promote their system; and since the time the resolutions, which could only have significance in the sense

of their originators, so far as they were supported by the agreement of Prussia and Austria, were attempted to be worked with the object of keeping Prussian policy in a state of tutelage, we have had to experience uninterruptedly the pressure of the situation in which we have been placed by the conditions of the Bund and its eventual historical development. We had to tell ourselves, however, that in quiet and regular times we might indeed, with able management, weaken the evil in its consequences, though we could do nothing to effect a cure; while, in dangerous times like the present, it is only too natural that the other side, which finds itself in possession of all the advantages of the arrangements, willingly admits that much irregularity has occurred, but declares, "in the general interest," the present moment utterly unsuited to bring bygone matters and "internal" disputes into discussion. For us, however, an opportunity, if we leave the present one unused, will perhaps not turn up again so soon, and we must afterwards once more resignedly confine ourselves to the fact that in more orderly times the matter admits of no alteration.

His Royal Highness the Prince Regent has taken up a position which has the undivided applause of all those who are capable of entertaining any judgment concerning Prussian policy, and who do not allow their view of it to be dimmed by party passions. With respect to this position, a part of our allies of the Bund seek by inconsiderate and fanatical endeavours to lead us astray. If the statesmen of Bamberg are so wantonly ready to follow the first impulse of the war-cry of the indiscriminating and changeable opinion of the hour, they do so perhaps not without the secret thought of the facility with which a small State can, in case of need, change its colours. But when they want, at the same time, to avail themselves of the arrangements of the Bund to send a power like Prussia under fire, if we are expected to stake our lives and property for the political wisdom and thirst for action of governments to whose existence our protection is indispensable; if these States want to give us the directing impulse, and if, as a means to this end, they contemplate *theories of the rights of the Bund, the recognition of which would put an end to all independence of Prussian*

policy; then, in my judgment, if we do not want to surrender altogether, it will be time to remember that the leaders who expect us to follow them, serve other interests than those of Prussia, and that they so understand the cause of Germany, which they are always talking about, that it cannot, at the same time, be the cause of Prussia.

I am going, perhaps, too far in expressing the view that we ought to seize upon every legitimate occasion which our allies offer us, to attain that revision of our mutual relations which Prussia needs that she may be able to live permanently in orderly relations with the smaller German States. I think we should readily take up the gauntlet, and should look upon it as no misfortune, but as an improving step of the crisis toward convalescence, were a majority in Frankfort to arrive at a resolution in which we perceive an overstepping of its competency, an arbitrary alteration of the object for which the Bund exists, and a breach of the treaties in connection with the Bund. *The more unequivocally such a violation comes to light the better.* In Austria, France, Russia, we shall not easily find

the conditions again so favourable for allowing us an improvement of our position in Germany, and our allies of the Bund are on the best road to afford us a perfectly just occasion for it, and without even our aiding their arrogance. Even the *Kreutz Zeitung*, as I see by last Sunday's copy, is startled at the idea that a Frankfort majority could without further ado dispose of the Prussian army. *Not only in this paper* have I hitherto observed with apprehension what supremacy Austria has created for herself in the German press by the cleverly laid net of her influence, and how well she knows how to wield this weapon. Without this, the so-called public opinion would hardly have got up to such a height; I say, "the so-called," for the real mass of the population is never inclined to war, if the actual sufferings of heavy oppression have not provoked them. It has come to such a pitch that under the cloak of general German sentiment hardly a Prussian paper dares to avow Prussian patriotism. The general "cant" plays a great part in this; not less the florins, which never fail Austria for such a purpose. The majority of newspaper contributors write for

their livelihood, the majority of papers have income for their main object; and in some of our papers, and others, an experienced reader may easily discover whether they have again received a subvention from Austria, are soon expecting it, or by threatening hints want to bring it about.

I think we could cause an important change in the tone of public feeling if, in answer to the arrogance of our German brethren of the Bund, we were to touch in the press the chords of independent policy. Perhaps things are going on in Frankfort which will afford us the most ample occasion for doing so.

In these eventualities the wisdom of our precautionary military measures may be turned to account towards other points of the compass, and thereby give emphasis to our position. Then will Prussia's self-reliance sound a louder, and perhaps more successful tone than the present daily one of the Bund. *The word "German," instead of "Prussian," I would fain see inscribed upon our flag when first we are united with the rest of our countrymen in a closer and more efficient bond than hitherto;* the magic of it

is lost if one wastes it on the present daily tangle of the affairs of the Bund.

I fear that your . . . . at this epistolary inroad on the field of my former activity will mentally give me a *ne sutor ultra crepidam* reminder; but I never intended making an official *exposé*, rather merely to lay before you the evidence of a person, well acquainted with the subject, against the Bund.

I see in our relation with the Bund an error of Prussia's, which, sooner or later, we shall have to repair "ferro et igni," unless we take advantage betimes of a favourable season to employ a healing remedy against it. If the Bund were simply abolished to-day, without putting anything in its stead, I believe that by virtue of this negative acquisition better and more natural relations than heretofore would be formed between Prussia and her German neighbours.

BISMARCK.

TO HIS WIFE.

Moscow, *6th June*, '59.

I WILL send you at least a sign of life from here, while I am waiting for the Samovar; and

a young Russian in a red shirt is exerting himself behind me with vain attempts to light a fire—he puffs and blows, but it will not burn. After having complained so much about the scorching heat lately, I woke to-day between Twer and here, and thought I was dreaming when I saw the country and its fresh verdure covered far and wide with snow. I shall wonder at nothing again, and having convinced myself of the fact beyond all doubt, I turned quickly on the other side to sleep and roll on farther, although the play of colours—from green to white—in the red dawn of day was not without its charm. I do not know if the snow still lies at Twer; here it has thawed away, and a cool gray rain is rattling on the green tin of the roofs. Green has every reason to be the Russian favourite colour. Of the 500 miles I have passed in travelling here I have slept away about 200, but each hand-breadth of the remainder was green in every shade. Towns and villages, and more particularly houses, with the exception of the railway stations, I did not observe. Bushy forests with birch-trees cover swamp and hill, a fine growth of grass beneath, long tracts of

meadow-land between; so it goes on for 50, 100, 200 miles. Ploughed land I do not remember to have remarked, nor heather, nor sand. Solitary grazing cows or horses awoke one at times to the presumption that there might be human beings in the neighbourhood. Moscow, seen from above, looks like a field of young wheat: the soldiers are green, the cupolas green, and I do not doubt that the eggs on the table before me were laid by green hens. You will want to know how I come to be here; I, also, have already asked myself this question, and the answer I received was that change is the soul of life. The truth of this profound saying becomes especially obvious after having lived for ten weeks in a sunny room of an hotel, with the look-out on pavement. The charms of moving become rather blunted if they occur repeatedly within a short period; I therefore determined to forego them, handed over all paper to * *, gave Engel my keys, declared that I would put up in a week at Stenbock's house, and drove to the Moscow station. This was yesterday at noon, and this morning, at 8 o'clock, I alighted here at the Hotel de France. First of all I shall

pay a visit to a charming acquaintance of former times, who lives in the country, about twenty versts from here; to-morrow evening I shall be here again; Wednesday and Thursday shall visit the Kremlin and so forth; and Friday or Saturday sleep in the beds which Engel will meantime buy. Slow harnessing and fast driving lies in the character of this people. I ordered the carriage 2 hours ago: to every call which I have been uttering for each successive 10 minutes of an hour and a half, the answer is, "Immediately," given with imperturbably friendly composure; but there the matter rests. You know my exemplary patience in waiting, but everything has its limits; afterwards there will be wild galloping, so that on these bad roads horse and carriage break down, and at last we reach the place on foot. I have meanwhile drunk three glasses of tea, annihilated several eggs; the efforts at getting warm have also so perfectly succeeded, that I feel the need of fresh air. I should, out of sheer impatience, commence shaving if I had a glass. This city is very straggling, and very foreign-looking with its green-roofed churches and innumerable

cupolas; quite different to Amsterdam, but both the most original cities I know. No German guard has a conception of the luggage people drag with them into the railway carriage; not a Russian goes without two real pillows in white pillow-cases, children in baskets, and masses of eatables of every kind. Out of politeness they bowed me into a sleeping car, where I was worse off than in my seat. Altogether it is astonishing to me to see the fuss made here about a journey.

ARCHANGELSKI, *Late in the Evening.*

THIS day last year I did not even dream that I should now be sitting here, of all places in the world; by the river on which Moscow stands, about 15 miles above the town, with widely-extended landscape-gardening around, is situated a mansion in the Italian style; in front of it stretches a broad, terraced, sloping turf; hedges like those at Schönbrunn border down to the river; and to the left of it, near the water, stands a summer-house, in the six rooms of which I move in a solitary circle. On the other

side of the water a wide moonlit plain; on this side lawn, hedges, and orangery. In the fireplace the wind is howling and the flame flickering; from the walls all pictures are looking ghost-like at me, statues from without point through the window. To-morrow I am going with my hosts back to Moscow; from there they go, the day after to-morrow, *viâ* Petersburg to Berlin. I remain till Friday, if it is God's will, *to see what is to be seen.* As for the rest, this pen is too bad, I am going to bed, broad and cold though it looks. Good night! God be with you, and all under the roof of Reinfeld.

The 7th.

In spite of the broad, cold bed, I have slept very well, have had a good fire made, and am looking out over the steaming tea-kettle into the somewhat clearer but still gray horizon, into the completely green surroundings of my summer-house—a cheerful little piece of earth—with the agreeable sensation of being unattainable by the telegraph. My servant, like a genuine Russian, has, as I see, slept in my anteroom on a silk

sofa, and this seems to be taken into account in the house arrangements, as no special sleeping accommodation is assigned to the men-servants. Adjoining my summer-house is an orange-conservatory, at least 150 feet long, and now empty, its winter tenants being at present ranged in stately grandeur along the hedges. The whole, with its park, is much like a very much magnified . . . . with *rococo* additions in furniture, hedges, terraces, and statues. Now I am going for a walk.

Moscow, *8th June.*

THIS city is really as a *city* the handsomest and most original existing; the environs are cheerful, not pretty, not ugly; but the view from the top of the Kremlin on this panorama of green-roofed houses, gardens, churches, spires of the strangest possible form and colour, mostly green or red or bright blue, generally crowned at the top with a gigantic golden onion, and mostly 5 or more on one church, there are certainly 1000 steeples! Anything more strangely beautiful than all this lit up by the slanting rays of the setting sun it is impossible to see. The

weather has cleared up again, and I should stay here a few days longer if there were not rumours of a great battle in Italy, which may perhaps bring diplomatic work in its train, so I will be off there and get back to my post. The house in which I am writing is, curiously enough, one of the few that survived 1812; old, thick walls, like those at Schoenhausen, oriental architecture, big Moorish rooms.

PETERHOF, *28th June*, '59.

FROM the date at the head of this letter you see I am up again. I drove here this morning to take leave of the Empress-Dowager, who sails to-morrow. I find that she has really something motherly in her amiable and natural manner, and I can speak out to her as if I had known her from childhood. She talked with me to-day for a long time about all sorts of things. She lay, dressed in black on a couch, in a balcony with a view on the fresh foliage, knitting with long needles at a white and red woollen shawl, and I could have listened for hours to her deep voice and honest laughing and scold-

ing, so home-like was it to me. I had come in evening-dress, and only for a couple of hours; but as she finally said she did not wish to take leave of me yet a while, but that I probably had an immense deal to do, I declared: "Not the least;" and she: "Then stay here until I start to-morrow." I took the invitation with pleasure as a command, as it is charming here and so stony in Petersburg. Imagine the heights of Oliva and Zoppot all connected by park and garden, and with a dozen mansions and terraces; fountains and ponds between, with shady walks and lawns right down to the sea; blue sky and warm sun with white clouds; out over the green sea of tree-tops, the real blue sea, with sails and gulls. I have not enjoyed anything so much for a long time. In a few hours the Emperor and Gortschakoff come, when a little business will probably intrude on the idyl; but, thank God, it looks a little more peaceful in the world in spite of our mobilisation, and I need be less anxious touching certain resolutions. I am sorry for the Austrian soldiers. How must they be led that they get beaten every time? and again on the 24th! It is a lesson for the

Ministry, which they, in their obstinacy, will not take to heart. France less than Austria should I fear for the moment if we had to take up war.

28, *Evening.*

After a three hours' drive through the gardens in an open carriage, and a view of all its beauties in detail, I am drinking tea, with a prospect of the golden evening sky and green woods. At the Emperor's they want to be *en famille* the last evening, as I can perfectly well understand, and I, as a convalescent, have sought retirement, and have indeed done quite enough to-day for my first outing. I am smoking my cigar in peace, and drinking excellent tea, and see, through the smoke of both, a sunset of really rare beauty. I send you the enclosed jasmine as a proof that it really grows and blossoms here in the open air. On the other hand, I must own that I have been shown the common chestnut in shrub-form as a rare growth, which in winter is wrapped up; otherwise, there are very fine large oaks, ash-trees, limes, poplars, and birches as thick as oaks.

TO HIS SISTER.

PETERHOF, 29 *June*, 1859.

I INTENDED to send you, by the post-steamer of the 25th, my congratulations in a pair of slippers; you would then have received them exactly to-day. But last week I was unable to do even that; I was on my back, completely knocked up. I have never been quite well since last January in Berlin, and worry, climate, and colds drove my originally insignificant rheumatism, about ten days ago, to such a pitch that I could hardly breathe, only with very painful effort. The mischief, which is rheumatic-gastric-nervous, had settled in the region of the liver, and was combated with masses of cupping-glasses as large as saucers, cantharides, and mustard all over my body, until I succeeded, after having been half gained over for a better world, in convincing the doctors that my nerves had been weakened by 8 years' uninterrupted worry and constant excitement, and that further blood-letting would probably either bring on typhus or idiocy. Yesterday week it

was at its worst; my good constitution has, however, rapidly recovered since champagne in moderate quantities has been prescribed. I came here yesterday (my first drive out) to take leave of the Empress-Dowager, who is kindness itself towards me, and at her wish I have remained until her departure, which will take place to-day at noon, to delight myself, after my sufferings, with the joy of greenery, salt water, and country life. Do not write any of these details of my illness to Johanna; I will tell her them by word of mouth. Meantime, I have written to her only of ordinary lumbago. I will write separately to Oscar as soon as I have leisure. I was deeply moved by his long letter, and would have answered it long since, but before my illness I was a week in the neighbourhood of Moscow, and the transaction of my various work robs me twice as much of my time now, as the Court and ministers are at Zarskoe-Selo. I hope to get leave in the first third of July, and then to go first to Berlin, and then, I hope, by Kröchlendorf to Pomerania.

TO A PRUSSIAN DIPLOMATIST.

PETERSBURG, 1 *July*, 1859.

I THANK you for your letter, and hope that you will not allow this first to be the last. Our Frankfort position still occupies the first place in my sympathies next to the pressure of present events, and I am grateful for all news from that quarter. I find our policy hitherto correct, but yet I look with apprehension to the future. We armed too soon and too extensively, and the weight of the burden which we have laid upon ourselves draws us down the inclined plane. The end of it will be that they will fight, in order to occupy the Landwehr, as they are ashamed simply to dismiss them to their homes. Far other than acting as the reserve to Austria, we shall then sacrifice ourselves directly for Austria, and take the war off her shoulders. With the first shot on the Rhine, the German war becomes the main event, because it threatens Paris. Austria gets breathing space; and will she use her freedom to help us to play a brilliant part? Is she not more likely to strive so to

fashion the limits and direction of our successes as to make them fit in with specific Austrian interests? And if it goes badly with us, the States of the Bund will fall off from us, like withered plums in the wind, and every one whose princely palace has to supply quarters to the French will, in right land-fatherly fashion, save himself on the raft of a new confederation of the Rhine. Perhaps it will be possible to combine a common attitude on the part of the three neutral great Powers; but we have been guilty of too costly an army to be able to await its success with the same patience as England and Russia, and our mediation will hardly bring to light the quadration of the circle for an acceptable basis of peace for France and Austria. The feeling in Vienna against the Government is said to be very bitter, and to have become so demonstrative that the national anthem is hissed. With us the enthusiasm for the war is also apparently only moderate, and it will be difficult to prove to the people that the war and its mischief is an unavoidable necessity. The proof is too artistic for the understanding of the Landwehrman.

My position here as regards business is very agreeable, but much to do with 40,000 Prussians, whose police, lawyer, magistrate, conscription-officer, and provincial governor one is—20 to 50 signatures a day, not reckoning passports. I am still in camp, so to speak, with a few beds, towels, and cups, bought in a hurry, without cook and kitchen, there being no kitchen range; and in this heat, without summer-clothing! My house is large enough, and handsomely situated on the Neva; 3 large saloons, of which 2 are larger than that at Seufferheld's.[1] One of them, with inlaid floor, glass doors, and silver sconces, I have made into the chancellerie. The only things I have received as yet from Frankfort are my guns, which, unfortunately, were packed with chandeliers atop of them, and indeed in such a manner that three guns are entirely broken, and the barrels completely scored. I wonder what clever fellow packed them! If the other things are packed by the same hand, I may perhaps be glad if they come to grief. The insurance is low in amount, in

[1] A Frankfort senator's, where Prince Bismarck lived.

case the silver is with them, but the premium high, because * * the tom-fool, has insured at war risk!

TO HIS WIFE.

PETERSBURG, 2 *July*, '59.

HALF an hour ago a cabinet courier woke me with war and peace. Our policy drifts more and more into the Austrian wake; and when we have once fired a shot on the Rhine, it is over with the Italian-Austrian war, and in its place a Prussian-French comes on the scene, in which Austria, after we have taken the burden from her shoulders, stands by us or fails to stand by us just so far as her own interests require. She will certainly not allow us to play a very brilliant victor's part.

As God wills! After all, everything here is only a question of time, nations and individuals, folly and wisdom, war and peace; they come and go like the waves, but the sea remains. There is nothing on this earth but hypocrisy and jugglery; and whether fever or grapeshot tear off this fleshly mask, fall it must sooner or

later; and then, granted that they are equal in height, a likeness will, after all, turn up between a Prussian and an Austrian, which will make it difficult to distinguish them. The stupid, and the clever too, look pretty much alike when their bones are well picked. With such views, a man certainly gets rid of his specific patriotism; but it would indeed be a subject for despair if our salvation depended on them.

TO THE SAME.

PETERSBURG, *Saturday.*

I WAS writing until half-past three this morning, then the sun rose, and I to bed, and again to-day, from before 9 o'clock until now, deep in ink. In half an hour the boat leaves; * * sails after me. I had to go three successive days to Zarskoe-Selo, which takes always the whole day. I dined recently with the Emperor, dressed in the clothes of four different persons, as I was not prepared for evening dress; my get-up was very curious. They are very kind to me here, but, in Berlin,

Austria and all the dear brothers of the Bund are intriguing to get me away, and yet I am so well-behaved. As God will, I like to live in the country quite as well.

TO HIS SISTER.

BERLIN, 14/9/59.

FORGIVE my not having yet answered your letter; I thought I could remain a few days longer in Reinfeld, but I was suddenly summoned by telegraph the day before yesterday. Formerly one could get here in 28 hours; since the railway is open it takes 32, and you have to get up at 4. I have just arrived here (6 o'clock), have satisfied my hunger, and will now sleep. I am to receive the Regent at the railway station very early to-morrow—probably shall have to go with him to Potsdam to take further letters and instructions; to-morrow evening to Warsaw. I shall probably return with the Emperor to Breslau, from there again here; perhaps we can then at last see one another for a day. A carriage with 14 seats will arrive in Tauroggen

for me to-day; how long it will wait for me there Heaven knows. This vagabondizing in autumnal cold, with a winterly goal before me, is not very cheerful.

TO THE SAME.

BERLIN, 24 *Sept.*, '59.

AFTER having heard last evening from * * that you had all passed through Berlin, and were probably in Kröchlendorf again, I have made unheard-of efforts all day long to get off by six to-morrow morning, and reach Stettin to-morrow evening by Kröchlendorf. After having talked myself hoarse with artisans and statesmen, and become almost idiotic with vexation, hunger, and bustle, I now shrink, at 11 o'clock, from the task of writing to * * a neither short nor simple letter about to-day's transactions, and then getting up to-morrow at half-past 5, and settling at once in writing some matters of money and law. *Je suis à bout de mes forces*, and must sleep, painful as it is for me to forego the surprise I had intended for you to-morrow. I have already torn up two letters

which I had begun to write to Baden. I cannot any longer keep my thoughts in the political buskin, and must put off my departure for Stettin until to-morrow evening. There I shall pass the night. The day after to-morrow I have arranged a meeting with Bernhard in Freienwald, who can go on with me to Labes, where the trains cross. I shall sleep the evening in Reddentin, and the morning of the 27th I go on to Reinfeld, or Johanna will scratch my eyes out. It is her father's birthday, and the horses are already ordered. If I thought this letter would reach you in time, I should try to persuade you all to go with me to R.; but you will be tired of travelling. I have recovered myself very much, particularly by the fortnight in Baden. My left leg is still weak, swells from walking, the nerves not yet recovered from the iodine-poisoning. I still sleep badly; and after the many people and topics that I have to-day spoken to and about, I am exhausted and irritated, I do not know at what; however, I have other theories of life than six weeks ago, when I cared very little to live on, and the people who then saw me here say that they did

not think they should still be having that pleasure. All Prussian ambassadors die or go mad, says * * to me, with an appearance which confirms the truth of his remarks. But so do other people. I expect to stay a fortnight at Reinfeld, then to start for the north. It is possible that after the arrival of the Regent I may be summoned here again, and perhaps my journey may be further delayed by the Emperor's. A winter journey it will be anyhow; they have already snow in Petersburg and two degrees of frost. I cannot even wish for another post, as, according to doctors' advice, I am to be lazy; and that is only possible in Petersburg, if I do not want to leave the service altogether. I shall wrap myself up in my bearskin, and let myself be snowed up, and see what is left of me and mine next May when it thaws. If that won't do I shall go to earth and have done with politics, like Gischperl, in the fourth tableau. Yet it would be very pleasant if we could still see one another before the winter sleep; if I come here again in a fortnight it will be easy; in the other case we must find out some other means: visit Danzig together, or the Gollenberg.

TO HIS WIFE.

LAZIENKI, 17 *Oct.*, '59.

So far they have got me! This morning I was in the first Polish railway station, looking for the ticket office, to book as far as here, when suddenly a kind fate, in the form of a white-bearded Russian general, seized me. This angel is called P.; and before I quite came to myself my passport was torn from the police, my luggage from the custom-house officers, and I, transplanted from a slow to a special train, sat, with a cigar of this amiable gentleman's, in an imperial saloon carriage, and, after a good dinner at Petrikau, arrived at the station here, where I was separated by the golden crowd from Alexander and luggage. My carriage drove up, I had to get in; and the questions I called out in several languages, as to where I was to stay, were lost in the rattle of the wheels, with which two excited stallions galloped away with me into the night. For about half an hour they drove me in furious haste through the darkness; and now I am sitting here in the

uniform and the ribands and orders which we all put on at the last station; tea by my side, a mirror in front of me, and I know nothing more than that I am in the Pavilion of Stanislaus Augustus, in Lazienki, but not where it is situated, and live in hopes that Alexander will soon track me out with a somewhat more comfortable costume. In front of the window, to judge by the rustling, there seem to be high trees or fountains. With the exception of a lot of people in court-livery, I do not discover a single human being all round. The Emperor comes to Breslau the morning of the 23rd, remains there until to-day week, and then, after stopping two days, I shall come to you.

TO THE SAME.

LAZIENKI, 19/10, '59.

I CAN only tell you in plain words that I am well. I was the whole day yesterday *en grandeur:* breakfast with the Emperor, then audience, as gracious as in Petersburg, and very full of sympathy; dinner at His Majesty's; in the evening, theatre—very good ballet and all boxes full of

pretty women; now, after an excellent night's rest, the tea is standing on the table, and, after I have drunk it, I drive out. The Emperor comes to Breslau the morning of the 23rd; on the morning of the 25th we shall probably go to Berlin. Above-mentioned tea, which I just drank, consisted, by the way, not only of tea, but also coffee, six eggs, three kinds of meat, cakes, and a bottle of Bordeaux; and from the breach which I have already, early in the morning, made in it, you would see that the journey has not done me any harm. The wind rushes like mad over the Vistula and riots in the chestnut and lime trees which surround me, whirling the yellow leaves against the windows; but here within, with double windows, tea, and the thought of you and the children, the cigar goes quite comfortably. Unfortunately all this comfort has its set bounds in this world; and I am only waiting for the end of the servants' breakfast in the anteroom—where I just hear Alexander's voice asking with animation for a corkscrew—to throw myself into the carriage, and drive first to various castles and mansions, and then to the town.

TO THE SAME.

LAZIENKI, 21 *Oct.*, '59.

I SHALL only give you to-day a sign of life: I have overslept myself. Yesterday there was a grand dinner, an illumination of water and forest, that excelled everything of the kind I have seen, and a ballet with mazurka to fall in love with. What can be done is done, and for amusement-loving people it is here like being in Abraham's bosom. I should be more susceptible to it if I had a word of news from you all. You have probably not risked writing here owing to the uncertainty of my movements, or else it takes a long time to get here. To-morrow at nine we go to Skianiawicze, where there is shooting in the park; to-morrow evening from there to Breslau. With God's help I shall have reached Reinfeld by this day week to find you and the young people well and ready to travel. I am longing for the moment when we shall quietly be sitting for the first time at the tea-table in our winter quarters, be the Neva as firmly frozen as it may.

TO THE SAME.

SKIANIAWICZE, 22 *Oct.*, 9 P.M.

SHOT fallow-deer for five hours; then hunted 4 hares; on horseback for 3 hours. Did me a world of good. Am now getting into the compartment for Breslau, where we arrive to-morrow morning.

TO A PRUSSIAN DIPLOMATIST.

HOHENDORF, 3 *February*, 1860.

. . . . I STILL hear with pleasure and a touch of home-sickness every piece of news about Frankfort affairs and persons, and when reading the papers I am often seized by the impulse to hurry into the sittings, eager for the fray. The move with the war-organization was excellent; forward in the same style; out openly and boldly with our claims—they are too well justified not to win an eventual although perhaps dilatory recognition; and the small States sovereign by the grace of the decree of the Rhine-Bund and the Bund enactment, cannot permanently

maintain their particularism against the tide of time. It can, like my own recovery, have from time to time to endure a check or a relapse; but, on the whole, it glides onwards directly we courageously *will*, and are no longer ashamed of our will, but state openly in the Bund and the press, and above all in our own Chambers, what we want to bring about in Germany, and what the Bund has been for Prusssia thus far: a nightmare and a noose about our neck, with the end in hostile hands, which are only waiting for an opportunity to tighten it . . . . But enough of politics.

I hope to be soon ready to travel; perhaps I am so already. My wife and the doctors urge me south—Heidelberg or Switzerland. I incline strongly towards Petersburg, to live at last in peace in my own house. . . . .

PETERSBURG, 16 *June*, 1860.

. . . . WE are pretty well so far, and I in particular am better than meddling in Germany. The peace and comfort of home-life are doing their work. 24 degrees in the shade, but the

nights always chilly. Business goes on without worry, thanks to so amiable a minister as Gortschakoff, in short, *ça va bien, pourvu que ça dure.* Our relations here are excellent, whatever the papers may invent.

The Augsburger & Co. are still alarmed lest I might become Minister, and think of frustrating this by abusing me and my French-Russian inclinations. Much honour, to be feared by Prussia's enemies! However, my political predilections were so thoroughly sifted in the spring at Court, and by the Ministry, that they know perfectly well what is in them, and how I pretend to find power of resistance and strength precisely in the rising national feeling of the nation. If I have signed a compact with a devil, it is a Teutonic and not a Gallic one. * *'s manufactory of lies could attack me much more effectively on other grounds than that of Bonapartism, if it wants to make as much impression on our Court as on the Augsburgers. . . . .

TO HIS SISTER.

PETERHOF, 1/13 *July*, '60.

As at times during the sittings of the Bund, and here too, no more agreeable employment of an idle moment occurs to me, than giving you a line of news about myself. Believing that a boat left for Petersburg at eight, I sat at dinner until half-past six, just long enough to have to wait until ten o'clock; the sailing-times have been altered to-day, instead of eight, they leave at half-past six and ten. It is, however, bearable here, charming weather to-day, view over to the foliage and on to the sea from a well-furnished corner-room of the castle, music to celebrate the birthday of the Empress-Dowager, and a good carriage, in which I shall take a drive for some hours. Peterhof is the gem of the country round, and both park and scenery pleasing to view, even for the West-European; something like the district of Danzig and Zoppot, which you of course also know nothing of, and of Rügen neither; the last is in the same style, but finer.

My health, contrary to all expectation, is good, now that I live in my own house; your affection supplied this want for me in a measure in Berlin; but the green-room in the hotel, and the whole provisional nature of my existence still weigh painfully on my memory. I feel like an old pensioner, who has done with the dealings of this world, or like a once-ambitious soldier, who has reached the haven of a good command; and I feel as if I could ripen here through long contented years to my end. I am occupied every morning till twelve o'clock, drinking Carlsbad water, walking, breakfasting, dressing; from then till five business affords me just enough regular work not to feel myself superfluous in this world. Dinner I enjoy immensely, particularly that which I must not eat; from eight to ten I ride, also *par ordonnance du médecin*, and then read till twelve the newspapers and despatches that have come in, with the accompanying enjoyment of common hospital prunes. In this fashion I shall hold out a long time, on the supposition that I succeed in maintaining the stand-point of the observant natural philosopher towards our policy. Yesterday

Johanna made her first entry into society; it was short, as I have to be in bed by twelve, and nobody comes before eleven; my *régime* is, moreover, a welcome pretext to hold aloof from all reunions. To-day I was invited to dinner here; these are the only irregularities since my first reception at Court. The Emperor was very cordial at our meeting, embraced me, and showed a sincere and unmistakable pleasure at seeing me again. Johanna finds life much more comfortable than she thought; a little cold of the children disturbed her equilibrium during the last few days; thank God all is well again, as with your Marie.

NOT NAMED.

PETERSBURG, 22 *August*, 1860.

I AM quite removed from home politics, as with the exception of newspapers I receive hardly any but official news, which does not lay bare the undersoil of things. According to them, we have promised nothing definite in Teplitz, but made our services for Austria dependent on the latter's firstgiving a *practical*

proof of her good-will towards us in the sphere of German politics; after this has taken place, she will be able to count on our gratitude. I should be very satisfied with this; one hand washes the other; and when we have first seen the froth of the Viennese soap, we shall be happy to return the service. Indirect news, reaching us here from other Courts, have certainly a different sound. If these are correct, we appear to have concluded no written guaranteeing treaty, but yet to have bound ourselves by word of mouth to assist Austria under any circumstances, if she should be *attacked* by *France* in Italy; if Austria should see herself compelled to attack, then our consent would be requisite, if our assistance is to be expected. The version sounds less entangling than it would in fact prove to be. If Austria has the certainty that we shall step in for Venice, she will know how to provoke the *attack* of France, as it is already now asserted that since Teplitz, Austria comes forward in Italy boldly and defiantly. Since Garibaldi's expedition, the policy of Vienna aims at allowing matters in Italy to become as bad as possible, in order that when Napoleon

himself shall find it necessary to defend himself against the Italian Revolution there may be an interference on all sides, and the former state of things approximately restored. This calculation with and on Napoleon may prove very deceptive; and, as it seems, it has for that reason been given up since Teplitz, and they hope to attain their object, even *in opposition to* Napoleon. The restless, excited, emotional policy of Austria endangers the peace in both views of the case. What will the chamber say to Teplitz? what to the army-organization? In the latter question, all sensible people will naturally be on the side of the Government. The impression caused by our foreign policy, however, can only be calculated when it is more exactly known *what* Teplitz means. A well-informed but rather Bonapartist correspondent writes to me from Berlin: "We have been finely led by the nose at Teplitz by Vienna geniality, sold for nothing, not even for a mess of pottage." God grant he is mistaken! Talking of Bonapartists, I am reminded that occasional intimations reach me here, that a systematic campaign of calumny is being directed against me by the press—the

Nationalverein, Magdeburger, Ostpreussische newspapers, and the like. I am asserted to have openly supported Russian-French propositions for a cession of the Rhine districts in return for rectification in the interior, to be a second Borries, and the like. I will pay a thousand Friedrichs d'or in hard cash to him who can prove to me that Russian-French offers of that nature have ever been brought by anybody to my notice. I have never, during my whole stay in Germany, given any other advice than to rely on *our own* force and on that of the German people, whose national power, in the event of a war, it would be our duty to arouse. These silly birds of the quill in the German press, do not in the least perceive that they are working against the better part of their own efforts in attacking me. As source of these attacks, the Coburg Court and a writer who has personal spite against me are pointed out. If I were an Austrian statesman, or a German prince *and* Austrian reactionary, like the Duke of Meiningen, our *Kreutz Zeitung* would have taken me as much under its protection as the latter; the falsehood of those suspicions is unknown to

none of our political friends. But as I am only an old member of the party, who has into the bargain the misfortune to have his own views about many things well known to him, they let me be calumniated to their hearts' content, and I learn the whole matter chiefly through the *semi-official* defence of the Elberfeld newspaper, which is sent to me. Nothing beats an inquisitor in one's own camp, and among friends who have long eaten out of the same dish there is more injustice done than against foes. It is all the same to me; men are not to be relied upon; and I am thankful for every impulse which drives me into myself.

TO HIS SISTER.

ZARSKOE-SELO, 4 *October*, 1860.

I MUST be dragged out of the clockwork of business, and have a leisure hour appointed by command of the Emperor, in order to be able for once to come to myself and write to you. Everyday life does not give much quiet from the moment of the first breakfast-cup till about 4 o'clock, with work of all kinds, in paper and

human beings, and then I ride till 6; after dinner, however, at the doctor's request, I approach the inkstand only with caution, and in extreme cases of necessity. On the other hand, I read everything that has come in in the shape of reports and newspapers, and go to bed at midnight, generally amused, and in a contemplative mood at the curious claims which the Prussian in Russia makes on his ambassador. Then, before falling asleep, I think also of the best of my sisters, but I can only succeed in writing to this angel when I am summoned to an audience at 1 o'clock, and for that am obliged to take the train at ten; so there remain 2 hours, while I am quartered in the now empty apartments of the handsomest of all grandmothers, the Princess * *, where I write to you and smoke papyros until a visit or breakfast interrupts me. I look over the table out of the window, down hill, over birches and maple, in whose foliage red and yellow already predominate over the green. Behind, the grass-green roofs of the little town, overtopped on the left by a church with five golden onion-shaped towers, and the whole framed in on the horizon.

by the endless plain of copse, meadow, and forest, behind whose brownish-grayish-blue colouring the Isaac's church of Petersburg may, by the aid of a telescope, be somewhere seen. A characteristic landscape, but, under the cold gray sky, almost more than autumnal; at any rate, a very northerly autumn picture. The young Grand Duke Paul was born yesterday, and so the long-delayed journey to Warsaw will now probably take place in a week. I remain here, I hope; I have written, at least, that, considering the distances in this country, I did not regard as applicable the generally customary regulation of the service of receiving on the frontier, and would only come by special command. I am, thank God, very much better than in the spring, but I do not yet trust completely in my health; and the Court-life there, with its daily *standing* balls till 3 in the morning, and its utter restlessness, will be a severe trial even for healthy people. After my long roving about since the beginning of '59, the feeling of really living again with my family somewhere is so beneficial that I tear myself with difficulty from my home-life. At least I should like to

lie quietly, like the badger in his hole, until it is summer again. Johanna and the children are, thank God, well, after Bill had caused us anxiety for some time, as Johanna will have written to tell you; but the tutor, and Josephine the *bonne* are abed: we are never quite clear, and the doctor is an established visitor. God grant that all sorrow has entirely departed from your house! The Lord Chamberlain is just announced, and I don't know whether I shall succeed in spinning out these lines further here or in Petersburg by the day after to-morrow, when the *Eagle* sails, as I have many despatches to write before that.

TO THE SAME.

PETERSBURG, *the* 12 *October.*

WHILE making to-day my preparations for travelling, I took up my pocket-book, and found in it the enclosed ink-effusion, which I perpetrated at Zarskoe, and I will not deprive you of it. Since then I have received the summons to be present in Warsaw, and I obey with somewhat heavy heart, after having answered

the Emperor's invitation there evasively. I am well enough for service, but not sufficiently so for amusement. When you read this, probably on Wednesday, I shall be, please God, already in Berlin. I start for Warsaw on Thursday, and from there by Wilna, back here again. Consequently I shall not have the happiness of seeing you, if you do not chance to be in Berlin. I hope next summer. The journey by sea will not be comfortable, but the way by land is too tedious.

TO THE SAME.

PETERSBURG, *the* 9 *December*, 1860.

I TAKE it for granted that you are all again in Berlin, as I do not know what you could do in Kröchlendorf during the long evenings; even if they are not so long as here, where lamps are wanted exactly at 3 o'clock to be able to read and write; many a foggy day these two occupations are hardly possible beyond noon, as the cold, in spite of the double windows, obliges one to remain at some distance from the window. But I cannot say the evenings would be too

long to me, or the nights either, and my irritation at the rapid flight of time is equally great in the evening when going to bed and in the morning when I have to get up. I have in fact much to do; we don't see much company —my means do not allow it; at other people's houses I catch cold; and putting all things together, an ambassador here with £4500 is condemned to live very close. I receive visits at dinner-time—that is my visitors dine with me *à la fortune du pot;* but I give no evening parties. Mourning forbids soirées, theatre, &c.; carriage, coachman, footmen, are all in black. I have been once out shooting, found indeed the wolves cleverer than the hunters, but very glad all the same that I am able to do it again. The cold is not excessive—3, 5, 7, seldom 11 degrees; good sleighing-track for several weeks past.

I am oppressed by Christmas cares, and can find nothing for Johanna which would not be too dear. Please buy her again at Friedberg's twelve to twenty pearls to suit her row, that is, to the largest of them. I am willing to spend about £45 on them. Besides that I should like a few picture-books from Schneider's book-shop;

if the commission bores you, ask * *. I mean Düsseldorf monthly publications, last year's series, also the Düsseldorf artists' album, this year's and last year's; Munich "flying leaves" of the last year, and Munich coloured sheets, this year's and last year's numbers; also *Kladderadatsch* almanac, and similar nonsense.

Please get all this as soon as possible, and have it sent to me through Harry with the next despatch-bag, also the pearls, so that, if possible, they may be here by Christmas; before then another cabinet courier will in all probability leave for here; also a few boxes of the usual bon-bons with it, but not too much, as the children are, already, in an accelerated state of digestion.

The death of old Bellin makes a void at Schoenhausen, and embarrasses me in my arrangements there. I do not know if the widow will remain in the large house, or whether she will move into her smithy-cottage, the ice-cellar which the old man had put to rights for her. I shall probably have to leave the garden to the tenant, but will retain the right of giving notice from year to year of reoccupation, in case I move in.

The book-keeping I must hand over to my lawyer, I know nobody there.

TO THE SAME.

PETERSBURG, 26/14 *March*, '61.

FIRST of all I congratulate you on my birthday, but this unselfish step is not the only cause of the rare phenomenon of a letter from me in my own hand. You know that the basis of my domestic happiness was born on the 11th of April; less known to you perhaps is the circumstance that last year I gave expression to my satisfaction at the return of this day by a present of a pair of diamond earrings purchased at Wagner's, Unter den Linden, and that some time ago the charming recipient lost them; or, probably, they were stolen. To alleviate in a measure the sorrow for this loss, I would like to have for the 11th a pair of similar embellishments of the conjugal ear-shells, by which time a courier or other opportunity of sending them will present itself. Wagner will know pretty well about how they were, and what they cost.

I would wish to have them as like as possible; simple setting like yours, and they can be somewhat dearer than those of last year. The equilibrium of my budget, as it is, is not likely to be maintained, be the damage £15 more or less. I must wait and see how far my finances will recover before I send wife and children to Pomerania in the summer, and the horses to Ingermanland for some months to graze. Only experience will teach the amount of the saving arrived at by this operation. If it proves insufficient I shall leave my very pleasant house next year, and arrange myself on the Saxon-Bavarian-Würtemburg footing, until the salary is raised or they allow me to return to the leisure of private life. For the rest, I have reconciled myself with the life here, do not find the winter at all as bad as I thought, and ask no change in my position till, if it is God's will, I retire to Schoenhausen or Reinfeld, to set the carpenter at my coffin without unnecessary haste. The ambition to be minister quits a man nowadays for manifold reasons, which are not all suited for written communication. In Paris or London I should exist less comfortably than

here, and not have more to say upon matters; and a change of abode is halfway to dying. The protection of 200,000 vagabondizing Prussians, 1/3rd of whom live in Russia, and the other 2/3rds visit it every year, affords me enough to do not to feel bored. Wife and children bear the climate very well. I have a number of pleasant people with whom I associate, shoot occasionally a small bear or elk, a capital sleighing-track for the last 290 versts from here, and grand society, a daily attendance upon which I avoid, as it is not of the smallest advantage to the royal service, and I cannot sleep if I go to bed so late. One cannot well appear before 11. Most of the people come after 12 and leave about 2 to go to another and generally a supper-party. I cannot bear that yet, perhaps never shall again, and I am not vexed about it, for the boredom of the *rout* here is still more intense than anywhere else; there are too few circumstances and interests in common. Johanna goes out oftener, and unweariedly answers all inquiries about my health, like indispensable manure on the sterile soil of conversation. I wish from

economical reasons that Johanna would go to Germany as soon as possible, but she will not!—to Pomerania, I meant, and I will follow her as soon and for as long as they give me leave. I shall drink some sort of mineral water, and then, above all, take sea-baths, to get rid of the unbearable sensitiveness of my skin. From * * nothing to be heard, nothing to be seen, and cabinet couriers don't seem to travel any more. I have had no communications from the Ministry by courier for months, and what comes by post is tedious. Good-bye, darling. Greet Oscar. The Neva still bears vehicles of every kind, though it has been thawing for six weeks; so that in the town there are no more sleighs, and the carriages break down daily in the 1½-feet-deep water-holes of the ice-coating which covers the roadway. It is like driving on frozen ridge and furrow. You people are probably already surrounded with green?

TO HIS BROTHER-IN-LAW, OSCAR VON ARNIM.

REINFELD, 16 *August*, 1861.

I HAVE just received the news of the terrible misfortune which has befallen you and Malwine. My first thought was at once to come to you, but in wanting to do so I overrated my powers. My *régime* has touched me up a good deal, and the thought of suddenly breaking it off met with such decided opposition that I have resolved to let Johanna go alone. Such a blow goes beyond the reach of human consolation. And yet it is a natural desire to be near those we love in their sorrow, and to lament with them in common. It is the only thing we can do. A heavier sorrow could scarcely have befallen you. To lose such an amiable and a so-happily thriving child in such a way, and to bury along with him all the hopes which were to be the joys of your old days, sorrow over such a loss will not depart from you as long as you live on this earth; this I feel with you, with deep and painful sympathy. We are powerless and helpless in God's mighty hand, as far as he will not

himself help us, and can do nothing but bow down in humility under his dispensations. He can take from us all that he gave, and make us utterly desolate, and our mourning for it would be all the bitterer the more we allow it to run to excess in contention and rebellion against his almighty ordinance. Do not mingle your just grief with bitterness and repining, but bring home to yourself, that a son and a daughter are left to you, and that with them, and even in the feeling of having possessed another beloved child for fifteen years, you must consider yourself blessed in comparison with the many who have never had children nor know a parent's joy. I do not want to trouble you with feeble grounds for consolation, but only to tell you in these lines how I, as friend and brother, feel your suffering like my own, and am moved by it to the very core. How all small cares and vexations, which daily accompany our life, vanish at the iron appearance of real misfortune; and I feel like so many reproaches the reminiscences of all complaints and covetous wishes, over which I have so often forgotten how much blessing God gives us, and how much danger

surrounds us without touching us. We are not to attach ourselves to this world, and not regard it as our home. Another 20 or, in happiest case, 30 years, and we are both of us beyond the cares of this life, and our children have reached our present standpoint, and find with astonishment that the freshly begun life is already going down hill. It would not be worth while to dress and undress if it were over with that. Do you still remember these words of a fellow traveller from Stolpemünde? The thought that death is the transition to another life will certainly do little to alleviate your grief, for you might think that your beloved son might have been a true and dear companion to you during the time you are still living in this world, and would have continued, by God's blessing, the memory of you here. The circle of those whom we love contracts itself and receives no increase till we have grandchildren. At our time of life we form no fresh bonds which are capable of replacing those that die off. Let us therefore keep the closer together in love until death also separates us from one another, as it now separates your son from us. Who

knows how soon? Won't you come with Malle to Stolpemünde, and stay quietly with us for a few weeks or days? At all events I shall come to you at Kröchlendorf, or wherever else you are in 3 or 4 weeks. I greet my dearest Malle with all my heart. May God give her, as well as you, strength to bear and patiently submit.

NOT NAMED.

STOLPEMÜNDE, 18 *September*, 1861.

PENDING the conservative programme, I quite subscribe to what you advance. The thoroughly *negative* wording of the stated sentences should have been avoided from the outset. A political party cannot exist by merely tamely standing on the defensive, much less gain ground and supporters. The dirt of a German republic has the pretended abhorrence of all parties; and the opponents, now practically coming on the scene, make honest endeavours not to desire it, especially the dirt. A style of speech which goes so far beyond the needs of the moment expresses either nothing at all or veils that which one does

not wish to say. I am myself in doubt whether the author of the programme does not in truth base himself on the pure Würzburg standpoint. We have among our best friends so many theorists who ask from Prussia practically the same loyal obligations to protect the princes and countries of the Bund as our own subjects. This system of the solidarity of the conservative interests of all countries is a dangerous fiction, as long as there does not prevail the fullest and most honest reciprocity in all countries under the sun. If Prussia, isolated, carries this out, it becomes a quixotism which will but weaken our King and his Government for the accomplishment of their own proper task, which is to exercise the power which God has granted to the crown of Prussia for *Prussia's* protection against wrong from without or within. We shall arrive at last at making the perfectly unhistorical, godless, and lawless humbug of the sovereignty of the German princes, who use the circumstances of our Bund as a pedestal from the height of which they play at European power—the bantling of the conservative party in Prussia. Our *Government* is, as it is, in Prussia liberal and

abroad legitimist; we protect the rights of foreign crowns with more obstinacy than our own, and become so enthusiastic for the sovereign rights of the small States, which Napoleon created and Metternich endorsed, as to be blind to all the dangers with which the independence of Prussia and Germany is threatened in the future, as long as the absurdity of the present constitution of the Bund exists, which is nothing else than a hothouse and conservatory of the dangerous and revolutionary efforts of Particularism. I should have wished that, instead of the vague thrust at the German republic, it had been openly stated in the programme what we desire to have altered and established in Germany, be it through an effort legally to bring about changes in the constitution of the Bund, or in the way of associations formed after the analogy of the Zollverein and the Coburg military convention, which might after due notice be dissolved. We have the double task to bear witness that the existing constitution of the Bund is *not* our ideal, but that we are openly striving for the necessary alterations by legal means, and do not want to go *beyond* the measure requisite for the safety

and prosperity of all. We want a closer consolidation of the German force of defence as much as we require our daily bread; we want a new and plastic arrangement in the department of the Customs; and a number of institutions in common, to protect our material interests against the drawbacks which arise from the unnatural configuration of the interior boundaries of Germany. That it is our intention straightforwardly and earnestly to demand these things ought to be placed beyond all doubt. Moreover I do not comprehend why we *so gingerly start back from the idea of a representation of the people, be it in the Bund or in a Customs and Union Parliament.* An institution which has legitimate worth in every German state, which we conservatives would not like to be without, even in Prussia, we can certainly not combat as revolutionary. National aspirations would, up to the present moment, be easily met by very moderate concessions, which would still be recognised as valuable. A very conservative national representation might be obtained, and yet the thanks of the liberals earned thereby.

The noise of packing up interrupts my writing.

In case you still have an opportunity of introducing me to our friends as speaking, I enclose the draft I read to you, but with the request to guard the text from publicity, as I do not know whether it will be agreeable to the King that the contents of a conversation with His Majesty, put carelessly to paper at his command, should become known after further discussions, as I hear, were held in connection with it.

NOT NAMED.

BERLIN, *the 2 October*, 1861.

I HAVE been active in Coblenz and here for German policy, and not without success, as far as the momentary feeling is concerned. I wrote to you, somewhere about the 19th of last month, from Stolpemünde to your address here, and enclosed in the letter the draft of the short memoir I had given the King in Baden. I am to work it out more in detail; so if the letter with the enclosure finally, as I hope, reached your hands, I beg you to be kind enough to send me the enclosure to Reinfeld, that I may

work it into shape there. I am really home-sick for my house on the English quay with the tranquillising view on the ice of the Neva. We shall probably have to be in Königsberg by the 13th.

TO HIS SISTER.

PETERSBURG, 17/5 *Jan.*, '62.

I WAS going to drive out shooting yesterday evening, about 75 miles from here, along the road to . . . ., where several wild quadrupeds, already requisitioned by me by purchase, are waiting for me; I had therefore written in hot haste all that to-day's courier was to take with him. Brotherly love, however, came thereby too short. It then grew so cold again that the nocturnal sledge-drive would have been a serious matter for my nose, and the hunt cruel for the beaters; I have therefore given it up, and gained time to say a few loving words to you, and particularly to thank you for the excellent way in which you have done my commissions, and for your letters. The dress has on all sides the fullest approval, and also in the small brooch

your good taste has manifested itself. Christmas, by God's mercy, was quietly and contentedly kept by us, and Marie is making gratifying progress. It would be, therefore, unthankful to complain of the cold, which, with an uncommon constancy even for Russia, maintains its level of 18° to 28°, which gives for the little highland south-west from here, where I generally shoot, about 22° to 32°. For the last fortnight not an hour under 18°; otherwise it is rarely over 20° for 30 hours continuously. The houses get so thoroughly frozen that no fires are of any avail. To-day 24° here by the window, bright sun, blue sky. You write in your last letter about indiscreet speeches that * * has uttered in Berlin. Tact he has not, and never will have. Intentionally hostile towards myself I do not consider him; nor does there happen anything here which everybody might not know. If I wanted still to make a career, it would perhaps be just right that a great deal to my discredit were heard; I should then at least get back again to Frankfort; or if I were very lazy and pretentious for eight years, that would aid. It is too late for that with me, so I go on doing

my duty in a matter-of-fact way. I have become mentally so weak since my illness that I have lost all elasticity for striving circumstances. Three years ago I should still have made a serviceable minister; now I fancy myself like a sickly circus-rider. I must still remain a few years in the service if I live. In 3 years Kniephof will be tenantless; in 4, Schoenhausen. Until then I don't quite know where I should live if I resigned. The present revision of offices leaves me cold; I have therefore a superstitious fear to express a wish, and afterwards, as my experience teaches me, to repent it. I should, without sorrow and without joy, go to Paris, or London, or stay here, as pleases God and his majesty; neither our policy nor I shall be the gainer if one or the other happens. Johanna wishes to go to Paris, because she thinks the climate would be better for the children. Sicknesses come everywhere, misfortunes too; with God's assistance, one overcomes them, or bows in submission to his will; the locality contributes nothing. I don't grudge * * any post; he has the stuff for it. I should be ungrateful to God and men if I

wanted to assert that I am badly off here, and exerted myself for a change. I have as downright a fear of being minister as of a cold bath. I would rather go to one of those vacant posts, or back to Frankfort, even to Berne, where I should like very much to live. If I am to go from here, I should like to hear of it soon. I must declare, on the 1/13 February, whether I keep my house; *en cas que si*, I must stipulate for building and repairs, also expensive horses and other things would have to be sold, which takes months here, and makes a difference of thousands in one's pocket. A change of residence in winter is hardly possible. After several interruptions, I am reading over this letter, and find that it conveys a hypochondriacal impression; wrongly so. I feel neither dissatisfied nor tired of life, and, after searching meditation, have not discovered an unsatisfied wish, except for ten degrees less of cold, and to have paid about fifty visits which are weighing on me. Modest wishes. I hear that they expect me for the Landtag in winter. I am not dreaming of coming to Berlin without strict order from the King; if I did so, it would be in the summer,

on leave. Johanna and the children will leave for Germany in about 4 months, as I think. I shall follow, please God, four or six weeks later, and return here so much sooner. The children have not left the house for almost three weeks, owing to the cold. All Russian mothers observe this *régime* as soon as it is over ten degrees; it must therefore probably be prescribed by experience, although I go as far as 15°, not farther; and they look well enough for this want of air, in spite of mistakes in diet, to which they have an hereditary tendency, as well as to Christmas sweetmeats. Marie has become a sensible little person, but yet quite the child still, which I very much like to see. Varnhagen's Diary is lying by me just now. I don't understand the expenditure of moral indignation with which this meagre mirror of the time between from '36 to '45 is damned. It contains enough vulgarities, but they talked just so at that time, and worse; it is from life. V. is vain and malicious. Who is not? It all depends how life ripens the nature of one or the other—with worm-holes, with sun, or with wet weather; bitter, sweet, or rotten. With all the time I had, there was yet

so much jangling of all kinds that I have hardly written thus far by 2 o'clock, and at 3 the cabinet courier must be at the station.

TO THE SAME.

PETERSBURG, *the 7 March*, 1862.

I TAKE advantage of an English courier to send you a greeting of a few lines; a pious ejaculation about all the sickness with which God visits us. We have hardly had a day this last winter when all were well in our house. At present Johanna has a cough, which quite exhausts her, and she must not go out; Bill is in bed, feverish, pains in stomach and throat; what will come of it the doctor does not yet know. As to our new governess, there is hardly hope that she will see Germany again; she has been in bed for weeks, daily weaker and more helpless, probably rapid consumption will be the end, the doctor thinks. I myself am only well when out shooting; as soon as I get into balls and the theatre here, I catch cold and neither eat nor sleep. As soon as the weather becomes milder and everybody fit to travel, I shall

send child and pack straight off to Reinfeld. The equanimity with which I looked at the question of my translation hence decreases under such circumstances; I should hardly have courage to face the next winter here. I should with difficulty persuade Johanna to let me travel here alone. If I am not removed, I shall perhaps ask for longer leave. I had a letter from * * the other day; he believes he is fixed upon for here, but would prefer to go to Paris; he puts London in view for me, and I have become pretty reconciled to that idea. Princes' letters spoke of * * 's retirement, and my succession; I do not think this is in intention, but should decline it if it were. Apart from all political inconveniences, I do not feel myself well enough for so much excitement and work. This consideration makes me also hesitate if Paris were offered to me; London is quieter. If it were not for the climate and the children's health, I should undoubtedly like best to remain here. Berne is also a fixed idea of mine; dull places with pretty scenery are suitable for old people; save that I should be without any shooting whatever there, as I don't fancy climbing after chamois.

DURING THE TIME BETWEEN PETERSBURG AND PARIS.

TO HIS WIFE.

BERLIN, 17/5/62.

OUR future is still as little clear as in Petersburg. Berlin is more in the foreground; I do nothing for and nothing against it, but shall make myself tipsy when I once have my credentials to Paris in my pocket. There is no question whatever of London at present, but it may all be changed again. To-day I first instal Brandenburg, and then drive to . . . . to dine with * * I cannot get away all day long from the ministerial discussions, and do not find the gentlemen more in harmony with one another than their predecessors were.

BERLIN, 23 *May*, '62.

You have already seen from the papers that I am appointed to Paris; I am very glad of it, but the shadow remains in the background. I was already all but as good as caught for the ministry; I start for Paris as fast as I can get away, to-morrow or the day after. But I cannot let our "uncertain" goods and chattels be directed there yet, as I must be prepared for their calling me back here in a few months or weeks, and keeping me here. I do not come to you beforehand, as I want first to take possession in Paris; perhaps they will discover another president for the ministry, when I am once out of their sight. Neither shall I go to Schoenhausen, all out of fear that they might still keep me here. I rode about yesterday for four hours as major, and received my appointment to Paris in the saddle. The chestnut mare is here, and is my pleasure and recreation in the Thiergarten.[1] I shall take her with me. The bears went yesterday to Frankfort. I have

[1] The Hyde Park of Berlin.

both hands full of work in order to be able to get off.

BERLIN, 23 *May*, '62.

YOU write very rarely, and you have undoubtedly more time for it than I have. I have hardly had a full night's sleep since I have been here. I left the house at 8 in the morning yesterday, returned in great haste five times to change my dress, drove at 8 again to Potsdam to Prince Friedrich Carl, and at 11 back here once more. To-day I have just got the first free minute at 4 o'clock, and I employ it in heaping this fiery coal on your black head. I think of starting for Paris to-morrow, or at the latest, on Tuesday; whether for long, God knows; perhaps only for months or weeks! They are all here in a conspiracy for my staying here, and I shall be very thankful when I have once gained a resting-place in the garden by the Seine, and have a porter who for some days lets nobody in to me. I do not yet know whether I can send our things to Paris at all, since it is possible that I shall be summoned here again before they arrive. It is more an attempt to escape that I

am making than a new abode to be taken up. I was obliged to be very firm indeed, merely to get away from the place and its hotel-life. I am prepared for everything God sends, and only complain that I am separated from you all without being able to calculate the time of our meeting again. If I have a prospect of remaining in Paris till the winter, I think you had better follow me soon, and we will arrange our household gods even if it be only for a short time. It must be decided in the course of June whether I am to come here again before the end of the summer session of the Landtag, or remain in Paris longer, and long enough for all of you to migrate. I shall do what I can to arrive at the latter result, and anyhow I should like you to come to Paris, if only for a short time, and without a regular establishment, so that you may have seen it. Yesterday there was a grand military dinner, at which I figured as major—before this, a review. The chestnut mare is my daily recreation in the Thiergarten, but she is not steady enough for a charger.

LETTERS WRITTEN DURING THE TIME OF THE EMBASSY AT PARIS.

TO HIS WIFE.

PARIS, 31 *May*, '62.

ONLY a few lines in the press of business to tell you I am well, but very lonely, with a look-out on the foliage in dull, rainy weather, humble-bees humming, sparrows chirping. To-morrow, grand audience. It is annoying to have to buy linen, towels, tablecloths, and sheets. Don't let the things of "uncertain destination" be sent off from Petersburg yet; those, however, for Schoenhausen and Reinfeld, send to Stettin, both addressed to Bernhard's agent, D. Witte's successor, to whom I write instructions. Those for Reinfeld go by ship from Stettin to Stolpemünde. My stopping here is not yet certain, not before the ministry has another president

for Hohenlohe, and before London is filled up again. Good-bye, best love, write.

PARIS, 1 *June*, '62.

TO-DAY I was received by the Emperor and delivered my credentials; he received me kindly, looks well, has become a little stouter, but certainly not fat and aged, as he is usually caricatured. The Empress is still one of the most beautiful women I know, in spite of Petersburg; she has, if anything, grown handsomer the last five years. The whole was official, ceremonial —fetching in court-carriage by master of the ceremonies; and I shall no doubt very soon have a private audience. I am longing for work, for I don't know what to do with myself. To-day I dined alone, the young gentlemen were out; the whole evening rain, and alone at home. To whom should I go? In the midst of huge Paris I am more lonely than you at Reinfeld, and am sitting here like a rat in a deserted house. My only pleasure has been to send the cook away for overcharges. You know my indulgence in this point, but * * was a child in comparison.

I dine meanwhile in a café. God knows how long it will last. In eight or ten days I shall probably receive a telegraphic summons to Berlin, and then it is all over with music and dancing. If my opponents only knew what a boon they would confer on me personally by their victory, and how sincerely I wish them it * * would then do his best out of malice to get me to Berlin. You cannot have a greater disinclination to the Wilhelmsstrasse than myself, and if I am not convinced that it *must be*, I don't go. To leave the king in the lurch under pretext of illness, I hold to be cowardice and disloyalty. If it is not to be, God will permit the seekers to hunt out another * * who will consent to act as a lid to the saucepan; if it is to be, then, ahead! as our coachmen used to say when they took the reins. Next summer we live then presumably in Schoenhausen. *Hurero!* Now I am going into my large four-poster, as broad as it is long, the only living being in the whole story—and nobody, as I think, living on the ground-floor either.

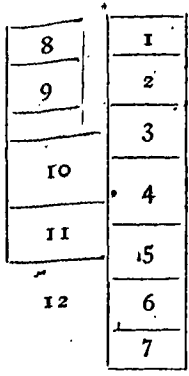
TO HIS SISTER.

PARIS, *June* 16, '62.

IF everything has turned out as you arranged, you will have arrived to-day at Landeck, where I wish you happy and healthful days. I hope to send you my congratulations *en règle* for the completion of your twenty-ninth year, although I do not know exactly how short a time the post takes between here and Landeck. My personal barometer stands constantly at changeable, as it has for many a day, and will probably remain so for a long time, whether I live here or in Berlin. Rest is in the grave; at all events I hope so. Since my departure I have not had a word from anybody in Berlin about the ministerial question. * * 's leave is expired, and he will not return to office; this I knew beforehand. I shall wait quietly until the end of June, and if then I do not know what is decided about me, I shall ask very earnestly for a decision, so that I may arrange my establishment here. If there is a likelihood of my remaining here till January, I think of fetching Johanna in September, although

an establishment of one's own for four months is always very hand-to-mouth and uncomfortable. In packing and unpacking a small fortune goes in breakage of glass and china. For the present, barring wife and child, my especial loss is my chestnut mare. I have tried some hired hacks, but I would rather never ride again. The house is nicely situated, but is dark, damp, and cold. The sunny side is taken up with stairs and *nonvaleurs*, everything is towards the north, and smells of drainage and dry-rot. Not a single piece of furniture is uncovered, no nook where one would like to sit down; three-fourths of the house are locked up, and covered up, like the "best parlour;" and, without topsy-turvying all, the arrangement not available for everyday use. The maids live three, the children two, stories high; the first-floor contains only the bedroom with a huge bed, and besides this, one old-fashioned drawing-room (style 1811) after the other, many staircases and anterooms. The actual dwelling-rooms are on the ground-floor, looking to the north, next to the garden, in which I warm myself whenever the sun shines—at the utmost three times a week for a few hours. You see it

all in the margin; 1, dressing-room, dry-rot smell and uninhabitable, damp; 2, study, dark, stinks; 3, reception-room; 4, view from hall to garden, with book-shelves; 5, dining-room; 6, I sleep; 7, office; 8, garden; where these lines are, Quai d'Orsay and the Seine; 9 and 10, chancellerie; 11, hall; 12, staircase. Besides this, in the whole first-floor, only one bedroom, and nothing else, and the whole home-life two stories high; narrow, dark, steep stairs, which I cannot pass on account of my breadth of shoulder—and without crinoline. The main-staircase goes only as far as the first-floor, but to make up for it, three ladder-like ones at both ends of the house up to the top. In this way Hatzfeld and Pourtales have existed all the time, but have also died there in the prime of life; and if I remain in this house I shall also die sooner than I want to. I would not care to live in it as a free gift, if only for the smell.



Please write Johanna the address where you had such excellent "Baumkuchen" made for me on my birthday 2 years ago. I have promised the Grand Duchess Marie one. Or perhaps you had better send me the address. I will order the cake by letter from here, and enclose a line for * *, through whom the confectioner can then send the thing off by Stettin boat. I feel a little anxiety lest, if we stay here, Johanna should not like it much. In a few days I am to go to Fontainebleau ; the Empress has become a little stouter, prettier than ever in consequence, and always very amiable and gay. Afterwards I am going to London for a few days. A number of agreeable Russian ladies I knew here are nearly all vanished. Who has, properly speaking, charge of my chestnut mare, in case I want to have her out here?

TO HIS WIFE.

PARIS, 14 *July*, 1862.

I SAW with joy from your letter of the 9th that you are all well, and I hope to read it over again to-morrow morning. The messenger on whose account I hurriedly left London the

day before yesterday week has at last arrived. I should like to have stayed there a few days longer, there were so many handsome faces and handsome horses to be seen. But the embassy is my horror; handsomely furnished, but on the ground-floor, besides the staircase only 3 rooms, of which one is the chancellerie, one the dining-room, and between the two, serving as assembling-room for dinner and without a corner to put off one's lounging-coat, his excellency's study. If, while there, you want to wash your hands or the like, you have to ascend the high, huge staircase, and pass through the marital chamber, which is furnished with one bed, into a small dog-hole of a day-room. Upstairs is a large drawing-room; 1 small ball-room; next door is the before-mentioned bedroom and dog-hole;—that is the whole habitable space. Then, 2 stories high, 2 rooms for the secretary, and 5 little things for children, tutor, governess, &c.; 3 stories high, under the roof, the servants; in the cellar, the kitchen. I was quite miserable at the thought of being crammed in there. In answer to my request for leave, B. wrote to me to-day that the King could not yet decide

whether he would give me leave, because the question of my taking the presidency would thereby be kept in uncertainty for another 6 weeks, and I was to write whether I thought it advisable to take office during the present session of the Chamber, and when? and whether I would not come to Berlin before the commencement of my leave. The last suggestion I shall as far as possible decline, and propose to be left quietly here till the winter, and then, meanwhile, the day after to-morrow or Thursday, go to Trouville, on the sea, to the west of Havre, and there wait for the winter. I can always get here from there in five hours. We have had fine weather since yesterday, but before that it has been miserably cold, and raining eternally. I took advantage of yesterday to dine at St. Germain; beautiful wood, 2 versts long, terrace over the Seine, with charming view over wood, mountain, towns, and villages—almost everything in foliage as far as Paris. I have just been driving in the softest moonlight through the Bois de Boulogne; thousands of carriages corso-file, sheets of water with coloured lights: afterwards concert in the

open air; now I am going to bed. Our carriages have arrived at Stettin; I shall have them put up there or at Külz. My colleagues are all gone, and the only acquaintance in the great city with whom I associate is old * *, which neither of us dreamed of twenty years ago. My service consists of Limberg, as Russian; an Italian Fazzi, who was with Stolberg in Morocco as footman; three Frenchmen (chancellerie-servant, coachman, cook); and a Cur-Hessian with a Belgian wife as porter.

BORDEAUX, 27 *July*, '62.

You cannot refuse me the character of a good correspondent; this morning I wrote to your "birthday-child" from Chenonceaux, and this evening I write to you from the city of the red wine. These lines, however, will arrive a day later than the former, as the post does not leave until to-morrow afternoon. I left Paris only the day before yesterday at noon, but it seems like a week to me. I have seen beautiful country-seats, Chambord (of which the enclosure, torn out of a book, conveys but an imperfect

idea), corresponds in its desolation with the fate of its owner. In the wide halls and magnificent rooms, where kings with their mistresses and their hunting kept their court, the toys of the Duke of Bordeaux form now the only furniture. My conductress took me for a French legitimist, and squeezed out a tear as she showed me the tiny cannon of her master. I paid the drop according to the tariff with an extra franc, although I have no vocation to subsidize Carlism. The courtyards lay as still as churchyards, in the sun; one gets a wide view from the towers; but on all sides, silent forest and heather to the farthest horizon—no town, no village, no farmhouse, neither near the castle nor in its precincts. From enclosed specimens of heather you will no longer be able to see how purple this plant I am so fond of blooms there, the only flower in the royal garden, and swallows almost the only living creatures in the castle. For sparrows it is too lonely. The old castle of Amboise is magnificently situated; from the top of it there is a view up and down the Loire for 30 miles. From thence to this place one gradually slides into a southern clime. Corn

vanishes and gives place to maize; between twining vine and chestnut woods, castles, and mansions with many towers, chimneys and jutting windows, all white, with high, pointed slate roofs. It was a scorching heat, and I was very glad to have a *coupé* to myself. In the evening glorious summer lightning in the whole east, and now an agreeable coolness, but which at home I should still find sultry. The sun set at 7.35; at Petersburg one would be able now at 11 o'clock to see without a light. As yet there is no letter for me here, perhaps I shall find one at Bayonne. I shall probably remain here for 2 days, to see where our wines grow.

BORDEAUX, *Wednesday, July* 29, '62.

YOUR letter of the 25th came safely to hand yesterday, and I thank Heaven you are all well. I made a charming tour yesterday in company with our consul and a general officer through Medoc, and have drunk Lafitte, Mouton, Pichon, Larose, Latour, Margaux, St. Julien, Branne, and other wines, in the original language of the wine-press. We have 30° (Réaumur) in the

shade, and 55° in the sun; but with good wine in one's stomach one is not in the least conscious of it. In a few minutes I am off to Bayonne, and I will write to you from there at more leisure than now, in the hurry of the railway.

BAYONNE, *July* 29, '62.

I TAKE advantage of the time, until my luggage arrives from the station, somewhat to complete my short letter of this morning, from Bordeaux. The country I have just now traversed reminds me, at the first glance, vividly of the district about Pskow or Petersburg. All the way from Bordeaux here, pine-woods, heather, and moorland; at one time Pomerania, like the woods behind the beach and sand-hills there, and at another Russia. But when I looked at it with my glass, the illusion disappeared; instead of the common pine, it is the long-haired sea-pine, and the seeming mixture of juniper, bilberries, and the like, with which the ground is covered, changes into all sorts of strange plants, with leaves resembling those of the myrtle and cypress. The magnificence with

which the heather here develops its violet-purple blossoms is surprising; among it grows a bright-yellow kind of broom with broad leaves, the whole a gay-coloured carpet. The river Adour, on which Bayonne is situated, bounds this B-flat of heather, which in its softer idealization of a northern landscape, sharpened my home-sickness. From St. Vincent one catches the first glimpse, away over heather and pine, of the blue outlines of the Pyrenees, a kind of gigantic Taunus, but bolder and more rugged in its outlines. During the hot season the post is closed until four o'clock; I cannot get your letter for an hour, and should be doubly impatient if I had not yesterday had your letter of the 23rd, and the one here is of an earlier date. I propose to drive in a carriage to Biarritz towards evening, to bathe there to-morrow, and then to continue my journey to the frontier. I expect to hear at Fuentarabia, whether G. is at St. Sebastian; if so, I shall go and see him; but if he is already back in Madrid, I shall content myself with having crossed the Bidassoa, return here and then all along the mountains to Pau: from there I shall turn to the right into

the mountains, first to Eaux Bonnes and Eaux Chaudes, from there to Cauterets, St. Sauveur, Luz, Barrèges, Bagnères de Luchon. I cannot say that I bore myself; a mass of new impressions touch me, but yet I feel like an exile, and my thoughts are more on the Kamenz than on the Adour. I have not seen the German papers for six days, and moreover I do not miss them.

SAN SEBASTIAN, 1 *Aug.*, '62.

THE route from Bayonne here is splendid—on the left the Pyrenees, something like the Dent du Midi and Moleson, which, however, is called here Pic and Port, in shifting Alpine panorama; on the right the sea, shore like at Genoa. The transition to Spain is surprising; at Behobie, the last French place, you might believe you were on the Loire; at Fuentarabia, a steep street, twelve feet broad, every window with balcony and curtain, every balcony with black eyes and mantillas, beauty and dirt; at the market-place, drums and fifes and several hundred women, old and young, who danced together, while the men looked on draped and smoking. The

country thus far is wonderfully beautiful, green valleys and wooded slopes, above fantastic lines of fortifications, row after row; sea-coves with very narrow entrances, which cut deep into the land, and look like Salzburg lakes in mountain-hollows. From my window I look upon such an one, separated from the sea by a rocky island, set in a steep frame of mountains with woods and houses; below on the left, town and harbour. At ten o'clock I took my bath, and after breakfast we walked or crawled through the heat up the hill where the citadel is. There we sat a long time on a bench; several hundred feet below us the sea; alongside of us the heavy battery of the fortress, with a singing sentry. This mountain or rock would be an island if a low tongue of land did not join it with the mainland. This tongue separates two inlets from one another, consequently you have from the citadel towards the north the distant view into the sea, east and west on the two inlets like two Swiss lakes, to the south the tongue of land with the town on it, and behind, inland, towering mountains. I should like to be able to paint you a picture of it, and if we both were fifteen

years younger, we would come here together. To-morrow or the day after I return to Bayonne, but remain a few days longer in Biarritz, where the beach is not so beautiful as here, but yet prettier than I expected, and more civilised to live in. From Berlin and Paris, to my satisfaction, I hear not a word. I am very sunburnt and should have liked most to have floated an hour in the sea to-day. The water bears me like a piece of wood: it is just cool enough still to be agreeable. One is nearly dry on reaching the dressing-place. I then put on my hat and walk about in my bathing-sheet; fifty paces away the ladies bathe—other countries, other manners. Custom-houses and passport annoyances without end, and marvellous turnpike charges, otherwise I should stay longer here, instead of bathing at Biarritz, where one is obliged to put on a bathing-dress

BIARRITZ, 4 *Aug.*, '62.

I AM afraid I have caused some confusion in our correspondence, as I induced you to write too soon to places where I have not yet arrived.

It will be better for you to address your letters to Paris, just as though I were there; the embassy then sends them after me, and I can more quickly send word there if I alter my route. Yesterday evening I returned from St. Sebastian to Bayonne, where I slept, and am now sitting here in a corner-room of the Hôtel de l'Europe, with charming view on the blue sea, which drives its white foam through the curious cliffs against the lighthouse. I have a bad conscience for seeing so many beautiful things without you. If one could transport you here through the air, I would go directly back again to St. Sebastian, and take you with me. Fancy the Siebengebirge with the Drachenfels placed by the sea; close by, Ehrenbreitstein, and between the two, pushing its way into the land, an arm of the sea somewhat broader than the Rhine, and forming a round bay behind the mountains. In this you bathe in transparently clear water, so heavy and so salt that you swim on the top of it by yourself, and look through the broad gate of rocks into the sea, or, landwards, where the mountain chains top each other always higher, always bluer. The women

of the middle and lower classes are strikingly pretty, occasionally beautiful; the men surly and uncivil; and the comforts of life to which we are accustomed, are missing. The heat is not worse here than there, and I do not mind it; find myself, on the contrary, very well, thank God. The day before yesterday there was a storm, such as I have never seen anything like. I had to take a run three times before I could succeed in getting up a flight of three steps on the jetty; pieces of stone and large fragments of trees were carried through the air. Unfortunately, therefore, I countermanded my place in a sailing vessel to Bayonne, for I could not suppose that after four hours all would be quiet and cheerful. I lost thus a charming sail along the coast, remained a day more at St. Sebastian, and left yesterday in the diligence, rather uncomfortably packed between nice little Spanish women, with whom I could not talk a syllable. So much Italian, however, they understood that I could demonstrate to them my satisfaction with their exterior. I looked to-day at a railway guide to see how I could get from here—that is from Toulouse—by railway over Marseilles to

Nice, then by boat to Genoa; from there over Venice, Trieste, Vienna, Breslau, Posen, Stargard to Cöslin! If it were only possible to go over Berlin! I cannot very well pass through there just now.

LUCHON, 9 *Sept.*, '62.

THE day before yesterday we ascended the Col de Venasque from here—at first, for 2 hours, through splendid beech-woods, full of ivy, rocks, and waterfalls; then a hospice; after that, 2 hours' steep climbing on horseback, in the snow, with distant views, deep quiet lakes between snow and cliffs; and, 7500 feet high, a narrow gate opens in the sharp ridge of the Pyrenees, through which one steps into Spain. The land of chestnuts and palm-trees shows itself here in the form of a rocky basin, bordered all round by the Maladetta, which lay before us, Pic de Sannegarde, and Pic de Picade; on the right flowed the waters to the Ebro, on the left to the Garonne, and as far as the horizon, glacier and snow-peak stood boldly out one after another, far away into Catalonia and Arragon. There we breakfasted, pressed some-

what angularly against the rocks—red partridges without salt and without water—and then rode down again on giddy paths, but in glorious weather. Yesterday we made a similar expedition to Super-Bagnères and Hell-gates (*le gouffre d'enfer*), into whose depths tumbles a splendid waterfall between beeches, oaks, chestnuts, and ash-trees. In waterfalls the Pyrenees are decidedly superior to the Alps; in other respects, the latter are grander. To-day we saw the lake of Oo, a rocky basin, like the upper lake at Berchtesgaden, but animated by a mighty waterfall, which tumbles into it. We rowed on it, sang French *chansonettes* and Mendelssohn alternately (*i.e.* I listened), then rode home in pouring rain, and are now again dry and hungry. No day passes without being 6 to 8 hours on horseback. To-morrow the fun is over, and to-day, "Ah, how soon fades," &c., was the order of the day. To-morrow evening we shall be in Toulouse, where I hope to find letters from you by Paris. The last I had was yours of the 29th, which R. sent me. It is my fault, as I had ordered the letters to be sent here from Paris only until the 4th, after

that to Toulouse; I thought to have left Luchon, and to be in T. by the 6th. From Berlin I know absolutely nothing; have not read the papers for a fortnight, and my leave is up. I expect a letter from * * at Toulouse, and that they will summon me to Berlin without a definite decision.

TOULOUSE, 12 *Sept.*, '62.

THROUGH a mistaken arrangement on my part, and pedantry of the post, I had ceased for a time to get your letters, and am very glad and thankful to find four of them here in your dear handwriting, and with good news. I had also expected one from * * throwing some light on the future, but received only the one from * *. I had no idea of the King's journey to Doberan and Carlsruhe; I have roamed through mountains and woods in happy forgetfulness of the world, and am a little oppressed to find myself for the first time in a large town again. Meantime, I am going to-day with * * as far as Montpelier, and must first think it over whether I shall go from there to Paris and provide myself with necessaries, or whether I

shall accompany * * to Geneva, and go direct from there to Berlin. My leave is up. * * writes that the King will be in Carlsruhe on the 9th; according to your letter, however, not until the 13th. It would be the best if I asked from here for an extension of leave for another . . . . weeks to visit Pomerania, and await in Paris the answer, as well as the King's return to Berlin, before I leave; for some certainty is now necessary, otherwise I shall just resign without further bother. At the present moment I feel incapable of a decision. I shall go and stroll about a little, and, whilst doing so, I shall probably hit off what I had better do.

I am astonished my letters did not reach you regularly. The longest interval I ever let pass was four days, between my last letter from Luchon and the one before last from Bayonne, because we were riding, eating, or sleeping, and paper was not always to be had. Yesterday was a rainy day, fit for the railway which brought us here from Montrejean, still new and bad; flat country, with vineyards and meadows. I will now write to * * and * *; if it is to be managed, I shall remain at Paris.

LETTERS WRITTEN DURING THE PERIOD OF THE PARLIAMENTARY STRUGGLE, AND WHILST TRAVELLING, 1862-1865.

TO HIS WIFE.

BERLIN, *the 7th October*, 1862.

SEATED at the table in the Chambers with a speaker in front of me in the tribune abusing me, between an explanation which I have just given and one which is to come, I give you news of my well-being. Work is plentiful, somewhat tired, not sleep enough; the beginning of everything is difficult. With God's help it will get better. It is going all right as it is, only life in a glass-case is somewhat uncomfortable. I dine every day with the good Roons, who will be a great support to you. I see that I have

begun wrong;[1] I hope it is not a bad omen. If I had not Roon and the chestnut mare I should feel rather lonely, although I am in fact never alone. . . . .

TO HIS SISTER.

BERLIN, 10*th October*, 1862.

I NEVER ate such good black puddings and seldom better sausages. May your slaughter bring a blessing to you. I have been breakfasting 3 days on it. Rimpe the cook has arrived, and I dine alone at home, when not at his majesty's table. I had a good time of it in Paris. At Letzlingen I shot 1 stag, 1 wild boar, 4 fallow-bucks, 5 smaller ones, and 4 head of fallow-deer, and shot badly into the bargain, although not quite so badly as my neighbours. But the load of work here grows from day to day. To-day from 8 to 11 diplomacy; from 11 to 2.30 various dispute-bringing ministerial councils; then till 4 personal report to the King; from ¼ to ¾ a gallop in the rain as far as the

[1] The letter is begun on the inside of the sheet.

hippodrome; at 5 dinner at the palace; from 7 till the present hour of 10, work of all kinds, but healthy and good sleep, strong thirst!

TO HIS FAMILY—MOSTLY TO HIS WIFE.

CARLSBAD, 7 *July*, '63.

* * has my warmest sympathy; losing one's children is worse than dying oneself; it is so contrary to the course of things. But how long does it last before we follow them? I have taken a very sunny walk to-day from 12 to 2—the Schweizerthal, behind the military hospital, up the river past Donitz on the Eger, above Carlsbad and the hills; then with the King, who, thank Heaven, does wonderfully well with his three cups of *sprudel*. I live now at the "Schild," just opposite the "Hirschensprung," and from my back window I see Otto's Height, Drei Kreuzberg, &c. It is pretty enough and suits me, but I have occasionally a little home-sickness to be with you all in Reinfeld, and leave the whole ministerial world behind me.

CARLSBAD, 13 *July*, '63.

I INTEND going to-morrow evening to Schwarzenberg, and from thence to the dusty Wilhelmsstrasse; stay there two days and join the King again either at Regensburg or Salzburg, and go with him to Gastein. How long I stay there we shall see. I shall often long to be back again in these quiet woods—Aberg, Esterhazyweg, Hammer, Kehrwiederweg, Aich. I always managed to keep out of the way of all my acquaintances, or, on meeting them, to slip into the wood. To-day I have worked nearly all day.

BERLIN, 17 *July*, '63.

SINCE the evening before last I have been vegetating in our deserted rooms, smothered under the avalanche of papers and visitors that rushed in upon me as soon as my arrival was known. Now I shall go into the garden for half an hour, and give you only this sign of life. Yesterday I had a Russian regulation dinner, to-day a French one. To-morrow I go by Dresden, Prague, Pilsen, back to the King at Regensburg, and stay with him in Gastein.

NUREMBERG, 19 *July*, '63.

I DON'T know if I shall send off this thick paper from here, but I have just a spare moment which I employ in telling you that I am well. I travelled yesterday from Berlin to Dresden; called on B. and R., who want to be very much remembered to you (also Countess R.); then slept at Leipzig for 3 hours only, but soundly; and have been travelling since 5 o'clock to this place, where I have to wait for a train, which is to bring me about 11 o'clock at night to the King at Regensburg. N. N. has ordered all kinds of people here, with whom I won't have anything to do, and they have selected besides the best hotel in the town. I accordingly took another one, which has not favourably impressed me hitherto; better paper than this it does not possess. Engel has moreover no clean shirt in the bag, and my luggage is at the station; so that I am sitting here in discomfort, dusty from the railway, waiting for what will probably be a bad dinner.

Travelling agrees with me capitally. It is very annoying, however, to be stared at like a

Japanese at every station. It is all over with *incognito* and its comforts, until the day comes when I shall, like others before me, disappear, and some one else will have the advantage of being the object of general ill-will. I should like very much to have gone by Vienna to Salzburg, where the King is to-morrow. I should have lived our wedding tour over again. But political considerations prevented me; people would have ascribed God knows what plans to me, if I had arrived there at the same time as * * I shall probably have the opportunity of seeing R. in Gastein or Salzburg.

I must stop although my soup is not yet here; but I cannot go on on this paper, and with steel pen into the bargain, or I shall get a cramp in my fingers.

SALZBURG, 21 *July*, '63.
6 o'clock in the Morning.

FROM this charming little-town I must at least send you the date at the moment of leaving. All the Roons below waiting to say good-bye to me. Yesterday the Königsee, Edelweiss, Bartholomäus.

GASTEIN, 24 *July*, '63.

I INTENDED to send you some *edelweiss* in this letter, but it has been mislaid. Salzachofen seemed to me more imposing ten years ago. The weather was delightful. The road here, which you did not see, is beautiful but not overpowering. I live here opposite the King, at the waterfall, to which the Golling is a child. Only in the Pyrenees did I see two finer, none larger. I have taken two baths; very agreeable, but tired afterwards and reluctant to work. In future I shall bathe at noon, and work beforehand. Air charming, scenery grand rather than smiling. The King is well.

GASTEIN, *July* 28, '63.

As this day sixteen years ago brought sunshine into my empty bachelor life, so has it in the same way gladdened this valley to-day, and I have seen it in a charming morning walk for the first time in all its beauty. Moritz would call it a huge dish full of cabbage, deep and narrow, and garnished at the edges with

hard-boiled eggs. Perpendicular walls, several thousand feet high, covered with the green of firs and meadow-grass, and dotted with Alpine huts up to the snow-limit, and the whole surrounded with a wreath of white lace and ribbons, which the snow, during five rainy days, has richly powdered, and the lower edge of which the sun gradually pushes up higher. Dozens of silver threads traverse the green from above; water-courses precipitate themselves in flying haste, as if they came too late to the great waterfall which they and the Ache together form close in front of my house. The Ache is a stream with a little more water than the Stolpe at Strellin, and performs a mad waltz all through Gastein, by plunging down several hundreds of feet in different leaps between the rocks.

In the present weather it is likeable here, only I should like to have nothing whatever to do but always to be strolling about on the heights, sitting on sunny benches, smoking and looking at the jagged snow-peaks through my glass. There is little society here; I only associate with the King's *entourage*, with whom dinner

and tea bring me together; the remaining time is barely sufficient for work, sleeping, bathing, and walking. I called on old * * yesterday evening; N. N. is coming at the same time as the Emperor, who is expected on the second, and will lament to me that lying is the curse of this world.

I just hear that the King (who is very well, with the exception of a sore heel, from walking, which compels him to sit still) keeps the courier back till to-morrow, and this letter will certainly not arrive earlier by post, as it would lose a day by being opened. I let it wait therefore. Good Prince Friedrich was released from his sufferings yesterday; the King felt it acutely.

GASTEIN, 2 *Aug.*, '63.

BILL's birthday was kept by me in fine weather; I told the King of it, who inquired after the age and industry of his godson. To-day the Emperor comes; everything is flags and flowers; the sun shines, and I have not yet been out of my room; have been writing for three hours; therefore only best love. If I do not write by Berlin,

I shall fall into the hands of the Austrian post; to be sure I do not write any secrets, but it is uncomfortable all the same. The mare is in Berlin again. I bathe every day; it is nice, but fatiguing.

GASTEIN, 12 *Aug.*, '63.

I AM well, but with a dread of despatches from every side. The day before yesterday, at a height of 7000 feet, I shot two chamois; was quite roasted, in spite of the height. On the 15th we leave for Salzburg; 16th, Stuttgart; 17th, Baden. I cannot leave the King on account of the Frankfort tall-talk.

GASTEIN, 14 *Aug.*, '63.

THAT you may see whether it really goes quicker I send you this letter by post, while the courier starts at the same time. I have been writing for four hours, and am so in the vein that the pen will not be kept back; hot sun for 8 days, in the evenings thunderstorms; the King well, but tired from bathing; he bathes every day, and works the same as in Berlin; he will hear no remonstrance. God grant that it

may do him good! I take my last bath to-day, 20 or 21 altogether in 26 days. I am very well, but over head and ears in work. I am so much occupied that I can see but few people. To-morrow evening we shall sleep in Salzburg; the 16th, probably in Munich; 17, Stuttgart, Constance, or Baden—as yet uncertain. Write to Baden, where I shall probably stay some days. From * * a letter from Spa, perhaps I shall go and see her there; but who knows *ce qu'on devient* in a week? perhaps all changed again.

BADEN, 28 *Aug.*, '63.

I HAVE a perfect longing to spend a regular lazy day in the midst of you all; here, the most beautiful weather; in addition, I cannot get the ink off my fingers. Last night I took a walk in the fields till midnight in marvellous moonshine, but cannot get business out of my head. Neither is there much rest to be found in society here. The N. N. is lovely to look at, talks, however, too much politics to me. * * of course, also always prepared to report. The * *, who is otherwise very agreeable to me,

has people round her who mar the pleasure I take in her society, and new acquaintances are very fatiguing. Our A. now suits me. I dined yesterday in my room with him and E., who is here for two days. The King is well, but besieged with intrigues; I dine to-day with her majesty the Queen. Schleinitz is here, Hohenzollern is expected, Goltz gone to Paris. I think the King will start from here next Sunday at the latest; a few days later I must be in Berlin. I shall perhaps find time between for a run to Spa, where I meet O. Perhaps I must also go with them to the Queen of England, whom the King on his return wants to visit at Rosenau, near Coburg. At all events I hope to manage a few days free for Pomerania in September. I wish some intrigue or other would get another ministry in, so that I could turn my back with honour on this uninterrupted flow of ink, and live quietly in the country. The restlessness of my life is insupportable; for ten weeks clerks' work in hotels, and the same again in Berlin. It is no life for an honest country gentleman, and I see a benefactor in every one who seeks to turn me out;

and then the flies in this room buzz, tickle, and sting, so that I earnestly wish for a change of some sort, which, by-the-way, a cabinet courier will surely bring me in a few minutes with the train from Berlin, in the shape of fifty despatches with nothing in them.

BERLIN, 4 *Sept.*, '63.

AT last I find a moment to write to you. I had hoped to refresh myself for at least a few days in Kröchlendorf, but it is quite the old treadmill over again. Last night work till one o'clock, and then, instead of sand, I poured ink over the paper so that it ran all over my knee. To-day at 9 o'clock the ministers were already here; at 1 o'clock they came again, and the King with them. The result of all deliberation has been the dissolution of the Chamber, for which I had no heart. But it was not to be helped. God knows what is the use of it. Now the election humbug will be in full swing. By God's help I am well with it all; but it wants a humble confidence in God not to despair of the future of our country. May He, before all things, grant the King health.

It is not very pleasant here in the deserted house; but my work permits my realising it. The horses came back again to-day, well refreshed. The alarm about the chestnut mare was all nonsense.

BUKOW, 21 *Sept.*, '63.

I WANTED to write to you on this last day of summer a very leisurely and sensible letter, and with this intention, lay down on the sofa 3 hours ago, but fell asleep and only just awoke, when I have only ¼ of an hour before the royal dinner, which is at six. I turned out at seven, rode uninterruptedly, as "Major," to see our brave soldiers burn powder—the cavalry attack. At first I joined Fritz, who commanded three regiments of cavalry, then went over to the Garde du Corps, galloped like mad over everything that came in my way, and have not spent such a comfortable day for a long time. I live here near the King and his 2 aide-de-camps, in a nice old house of Count Flemming's; nice country, with hills, lakes, and woods, and above all, nothing to do after I have finished my business with ***. To-morrow early, unfor-

tunately, I must return to my treadmill; and now to dinner, after having slept myself quite stupid, and got a stiff neck at the same time from the corner of the sofa. We have eighty people to dinner, all sorts of foreign officers, English, Russians, and the whole of the Bund in the house. I have no plain clothes with me, and therefore for 48 hours quite the major.

BERLIN, 29 *Sept.*, '63.

I HAD got on so far on Saturday that I had only my report to make to the King, and hoped to be with you all on Sunday at noon. But that report brought me a four-hours' piece of work for my own handwriting, and the necessity of seeing the King again before his departure for Baden. There remained just enough time for a day at Kröchlendorf, so there I went on Saturday evening, after having written myself crooked and numb; arrived at midnight; yesterday morning went to Passow, at 5 o'clock with the King, and accompanied him to the station at 7.45. Now I am going to-day with Moritz and Roon as far as Freienwald, have business

with Bernhard about Kniephof, and hope to come from there to you the day after to-morrow, in case there remains so much time to make it worth while. I am to follow the King to Baden; the "when" will result from our correspondence and the state of business. Should there remain enough time for me to stop two or three days in Reinfeld, I shall come; if not, there will be more roadwork than rest, and I shall see you again, then, here in Berlin. On the 17th, I presume, I shall return here from Cologne with the King.

M. is sitting opposite, and is working with me at the same business at my writing-table.

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BERLIN, 27 *Oct.*, 1863.

It is bitterly cold, but I am quite well. Have you also fires at Reinfeld? I hope so. We have had them here for a week. After dinner yesterday I sat alone with K. in the blue room, and he was playing as I received your Sunday letter. In truth, you have written in a pleasant holiday frame of mind. Trust in God, my heart, and in the proverb that "barking dogs don't bite." I

have not accompanied the King to Stralsund, as it is a fatiguing tour, and throws me back 2 days in my work. His Majesty returns this evening. The threats against his life are much more serious than those against mine; but this, too, is in God's hand alone. Don't let the last fine days be saddened by anxiety, and, when you leave, send some woman beforehand to make arrangements here according to your wishes.

I must to work. Good-bye. To-day at nine, only three degrees, and hot sun. I have received the enclosed[1] to-day from two different quarters.

BABELSBERG, 1 *Nov.*, '63.

I MAKE use of a moment whilst waiting for the King, who is dining at Sans Souci, to write you a few words, just as formerly from Zarskoe or Peterhof. Only to say that I am well, and heartily glad to see you soon again scolding in the empty rooms at Berlin. On the 9th comes the Landtag and its bother, but I hope, on the day of its opening, to go with the King to Letzlingen,

[1] A copy of the 91st Psalm.

and to spend 2 days in the woods. During that time I hope you will have finished the hammering and dragging about which necessarily accompany your beloved entry, and that on my return I shall find everything in its proper place. I have, during these last days, been living a solitary and industrious life, generally dining alone, and, with the exception of a ride, never leaving the house; quiet and sulky, with now and then a Cabinet council. This week will probably see several of them; with those dear Chambers in view, and after the King has been a week in Stralsund and Blankenburg, and lots of work stored up. I just hear his carriage-wheels, and leave off with best love.—

NOT NAMED.

BERLIN, *the* 16 *May*, 1864.

I UNDERSTAND your scruples against the Address, which, however, for all that, in my opinion, comes in at the present moment with a useful pressure on the diplomatic situation. I may certainly be mistaken in the matter, for the

longer I work in politics, the less confidence I have in human calculations; and if you feel an inward reluctance to it, I shall the less attempt to talk you over, as I would like to be able to state, with good conscience, that the feeling reflected in it is none of the Government's making. The present situation, however, is of such a kind that it seems to me to the purpose to slip all dogs that will give tongue (pardon this sporting simile) against the Danish party at the conference; the united cry of the whole pack will all work together in demonstrating to foreigners that the subjection of the Duchies to Denmark is an impossibility, and that the latter will be forced to take into consideration a programme which cannot be advanced to them by the Prussian Government. In the latter point of view, I regard, as belonging to these foreigners, the Holsteiners themselves, together with the *Augustenburgers*, and all those inseparables up to Königsau. The Duchies have hitherto accustomed themselves to the part of the petted child in the German family, and to the idea that we must willingly sacrifice ourselves on the altar of their particular interests, and stake the existence

of Prussia for every single German in the north of Schleswig. The Address will more especially work against this humbug; but that it can produce so strong an effect as to cause us embarrassment I do not fear. Should the nation here be so strongly carried away by Prussian ambition that the Government would have to moderate instead of animating it, I should not for a moment lament this state of affairs.

You see from this how I conceive the matter from a common-sense point of view; as for the rest, my feeling of gratitude for God's help hitherto mounts to the confidence that the Lord knows how to turn even our errors to our advantage; this I experience daily to a wholesome humiliation.

To throw light on the situation, I remark, finally, that annexation to Prussia is *not* the foremost and necessary aim, though certainly the most pleasant result.

With hearty remembrances to your honoured family,

Yours,

V. BISMARCK.

TO HIS FAMILY, MOSTLY TO HIS WIFE.

CARLSBAD, *Tuesday*, '64.

GOD be praised that you are all well, I too, but in want of time more than ever. In Zwickau I met Rechberg on the platform; we came as far as here in the same carriage, rail and road, consequently talked politics already for six hours, and now here! Yesterday evening, tea at the Grand Duchess's; King Otto, Archduke Carl F., many diplomatists, and much work with R.

CARLSBAD, 20 *July*, '64.

THE King has just left for Marienbad. A hedge of pretty women with gigantic bouquets, which loaded his carriage, N. with the largest. *Viva*, hurrah, emotion! It has become a little empty for me now, all acquaintances gone with them. To-morrow morning to Vienna, at night we sleep in Prague; perhaps in a week we have peace with the Danes, perhaps in the winter still war. I shall make my stay in Vienna as short as possible, not to lose too many baths at

Gastein. After that I shall probably go once more to Vienna with His Majesty, then to Baden; then comes the Emperor of Russia to Berlin, at the beginning of September. Before that no hope of rest; if then?

VIENNA, 22 *July*, '64.

I LEFT Carlsbad yesterday morning, with * * and * * and two other persons, who assist me with their caligraphic services; travelled by carriage as far as Prague, thence to-day by the railway line, which you know, here; not this time, alas, to take the boat for Linz, but to worry myself and others. I am staying with * *, meanwhile I have seen nobody but R.; was rained on for two hours in the Volksgarten, and listened to music; looked at by the people like a new rhinoceros for the zoological garden, for which I sought consolation in very good beer. I cannot yet say how long I shall be here. To-morrow, many visits to pay—dine with R., in the country: afterwards, if possible, conclude peace with Denmark, and fly off with all haste to the mountains of Gastein. I wish it were all

over. The two days' travelling has somewhat rested my mind, but physically I am very tired, and bid you good-night.

VIENNA, 27 *July*, '64.

I HAVE received one letter from you here, and am longing for the second. I am leading a laborious life, 4 hours every day with tough Danes, and not yet finished. By Sunday it must be determined whether it is peace or war. I dined yesterday with M.; very pleasant wife and nice daughter. We drank a good deal, were very gay, which, with his great sorrow you know of, does not often happen to him. He has grown gray, and wears his hair short. To-day, after the conference, I dined with the Emperor at Schöenbrunn, strolled with R. and W., and thought of our moonlight expedition. I have just been an hour in the Volksgarten, not incognito, I am sorry to say, as 17 years ago, but stared at by all the world. This existence on the stage is very uncomfortable, when one wants to drink a glass of beer in peace. On Saturday I hope to go to Gastein, whether there is peace or not. It is too hot for me here, particularly at night.

GASTEIN, 6 *Aug.*, '64.

THE work gets worse and worse, and here, where I do nothing in the morning after bathing, I don't at all know where I am to get the time for it. Since my arrival on the 2nd, in a thunderstorm and hail as big as musket-balls, I have just managed for the first time to have an hour's regular walk in splendid weather. On my return I wanted to make use of the half-hour to write to you, when in comes A. at once, with drafts and telegrams, and I must now to the King. Wonderful to say, I am quite well with it all; have had 4 baths; more than 11 I shall hardly get, as the King leaves on the 15th. At all events since yesterday I have got very nice quarters, as a large and cool corner-room, with a charming view, became vacant; before this I was in a dazzling oven, by day at any rate; the nights are agreeably fresh. The King goes from here, presumably to Vienna, in small day-stages over Ischl; from thence to Baden. Whether I shall accompany him, I don't quite know yet; I am always hoping to disengage a few days for my quiet Pomerania; but what are all plans? something always comes between. I

have no gun either with me, and every day chamois shooting; as yet, however, also certainly no time. To-day 17 were shot, and I was not there; it is a life like Leporello's:

> Never peace by day or night,
> Nothing that doth me delight.

7 August.

I JUST had my room full of ladies, who took refuge from the rain, which to-day does duty for the sun; Fr. from R., with two sisters-in-law; Frau v. P., a Norwegian lady. It is long since I heard a woman's voice, not since Carlsbad. Good-bye.

SCHÖNBRUNN, 20 *Aug.*, '64.

IT is indeed strange that I am living in the very rooms on the ground-floor which open on to the snug private garden, into which nearly 17 years ago we intruded by moonlight. Looking over my right shoulder, I see through a glass door, just along the dark avenue of trimmed beech-trees, through which we wandered, with the secret pleasure in forbidden things, to the glass windows behind which I am now living.

It was then an apartment of the Empress, and I now repeat by moonshine, with more comfort, our stroll of former years. I left Gastein three days ago, slept in Radstedt; from there, the day before yesterday, in foggy weather, to Aussee, a charmingly-situated, beautiful lake, half Traun, half Königsee; at sunset to the Hallstadt lake, from there by skiff at night to Hallstadt, where we slept comfortably; sunny morning, row on the lake; at noon, in Ischl, with the King; with His Majesty over the Traun lake to Gmunden, where we slept, and I reflected much on L. H. and B., and all that happened then. This morning by steam here, arrived at 6; 2 hours with R., after I had convinced myself that * * is one of the most beautiful of women, of whom all portraits give only a wrong idea. We remain here three days, and what will then happen, whether Baden or Pomerania, I cannot yet make out. Now I am heartily sleepy; wish you and all ours good-night.

SCHÖNBRUNN, *Thursday.*

THE King went this morning to Salzburg; I follow him to-morrow. Have shot to-day 53

partridges, 15 hares, and 1 rabbit, and yesterday 8 stags and 2 moufflons. To-day I am quite numb in hand and cheek from shooting. To-morrow evening it will be decided whether I go with them to Baden; now, however, I go to bed. Good-night all; I am very tired.

BADEN, 1 *Sept.*, 1864.

THE King arrived to-day from Mainau, well and in good spirits; drove in the rain with the Queen to the races. A.'s busy hand is always shaking out over me a fresh batch of blessings in the shape of drafts, as soon as the old ones are worked through. I do not know where I last wrote to you from; since leaving Vienna until now I have not had time to collect my thoughts, have slept one night at Salzburg, the second in Munich; transacted much business at considerable length with N. N., who has become thin. I slept next in Augsburg, came from there over Stuttgart here in the hope of spending 2 days in idle repose, but could only doze for a couple of hours in the woods yesterday morning; courier, inkstand, audiences, and visits whiz about me without interruption. * * is here

too; I do not like to show myself at all on the promenade; nobody leaves me in peace.

FRANKFORT, 11 *Sept.*, '64.

I HAVE not written to you from here for a long time, and never from the Zeil. We alighted at the Hotel de Russie. The King has gone to Jugenheim to the Emperor Alexander; from there he visits the Empress Eugenie at Schwalbach, and I have made myself a free day, which I shall spend with K. at Heidelberg. I accompany them to Heidelberg; shall be back here by 2 or 3, early enough to devote myself to the Bund. To-morrow early to Berlin, from whence, after going through those bickerings which are positively necessary, I shall break off for Pomerania.

BORDEAUX, 6 *Oct.*, '64.

PARDON this wretched bit of paper, but I have none other at hand, and yet want to announce to you that I have got safely as far as here. It seems almost like a dream to me to be here again. Yesterday morning I left Baden, slept very well at Paris, started from there

about 11 this morning, and am now here at 11 P.M.; propose to start for Bayonne at 5 to-morrow, in order to reach Biarritz by 2. In Paris it was somewhat cold; in Baden, yesterday morning, frost; this side of the Loire it is better; here it is decidedly warm, warmer than any night we have had this year. I am in fact very well now, and should be *quite* cheerful if I were sure that you are well. In Paris I felt a strong desire to live there again. He has arranged his house very nicely, and it is after all a convict's life I lead in Berlin when I think of the independent time abroad. If it agrees with me, I propose to take about fifteen baths, so that I begin my journey back on the 21st or 22nd; please God, you too will be then or somewhat earlier in Berlin. Engel in his carefulness has locked me in; no bell—and the letter loses a day, because it does not get to the post to-night. It is so warm that I have the windows open.

BIARRITZ, 9 *Oct.*, '64.

WHEN I think how busily we kept up the fire in Baden, and even in Paris, and how the sun here has beguiled me of my overcoat and winter

trousers, how we sat by the sea yesterday in the moonlight until after ten, how to-day we breakfast in the open air, and how I am writing to you by the open window, looking out on the blue sunny sea and the bathers, who, pretty well without clothes, are wandering about on the sand with their naked feet in the water, I must in truth say that as regards climate the southerners are wonderfully blessed by God. I take but one bath now, but shall soon pass on to 2 even if not *à la* * * to more. Nothing is wanting to my comfort but news from you. If we were free people, I could propose to you to come here with child and baggage and stay the whole winter, as many English people do for the sake of the cheapness which prevails here in the winter.

BIARRITZ, 12 *Oct.*, '64.

MY dearest sister, I am happily so unoccupied that I can send you a few lines in the direction of my thoughts. I am well, especially since I at last received both yesterday and to-day news of Johanna's progressive convalescence. I arrived here in the forenoon of the 7th, had

fires going in Paris after leaving Bordeaux's agreeable temperature, and here heat, so much so that summer clothing became a necessity. We have had north wind since yesterday, and it is therefore cooler, but still warmer than I have experienced it all this summer. A very light summer overcoat was too hot for me during an evening stroll on the beach. Hitherto I have taken 7 baths, and now go on with two a day. I am writing to you with open window, with flickering candles, and the moon-lit sea before me; the sound of its surf is accompanied by the tinkling of the carriage-bells on the Bayonne road; the lighthouse just in front of me shifts its light from red to white; and I am looking with some appetite at the clock to see whether the dinner hour of seven is not yet arrived. I have not found myself for a long time in such comfortable circumstances both as regards climate and business, and yet the bad habit of working has by this time taken such deep root in me, that I feel some uneasiness of conscience about my doing nothing. Have almost home-sickness for the Wilhelmstrasse, at any rate if those who belonged to me were there.

They have just come to tell me "*Monsieur, le diner est servi.*"

The 13th.

I COULD not write further last night; after dinner we took a moonlight walk on the south beach, from which we returned at 11 o'clock, very tired. I slept till 9, bathed at 10, with 14° in the water, but warmer than I ever found the Baltic in August, and now we are going to drive together to Fuentarabia, on the other side of the frontier, and dine, on our way back, at St. Jean de Luz. The weather is heavenly to-day, the sea calm and blue; almost too hot in the sun for walking.

IZAZU, 17[1] *Oct.*, 64.

THOUGH I sent you a letter this morning by the courier, yet, *pour la rareté du fait*, I must write to you from this curious place. We have breakfasted here, 15 miles to the eastward of Biarritz, in the mountains, and are sitting, in charming sunny weather, by the margin of a rushing stream, the name of which it is impossible to learn, as nobody talks French;

[1] So dated in the original: presumably 22nd.

everything is Basque; high, narrow rocks before and behind us, with all sorts of heather, ferns, and chestnut-trees. The valley is called *Le Pas de Roland*, the western end of the Pyrenees. We took our bath before leaving; water cold, air as in July; courier despatched; charming drive through mountains, woods, and meadows. Having eaten, drunk, and climbed ourselves tired, we are sitting here, we 5, reading to each other and writing, I doing so on the lid of the box in which were packed the grapes and figs we have eaten. At 5 we drive by sunset and moonlight to Biarritz, and dine at 8. It is too comfortable a life to be able to last; the 20th, day before yesterday evening, to Pau. It was disagreeable and sultry there; in the evening thunderstorm and rain; we were in the railway. From Bayonne here by carriage; the sea magnificent. After having, under the influence of the land-wind, been for some days as calm as a duck-pond, to-day it looks like a seething cauldron; but with all this the wind is warm and damp; sunshine and rain alternately; very Atlantic weather.

I take my 14th bath to-day; I shall hardly

get more than 15, as it seems I must leave this warm coast. I still struggle between duty and inclination, but I fear the former gains the victory. I shall first take my bath, and then determine whether it is to be the last but one. At all events the fortnight here has done me much good, and I only wish that I could transplant you to here or to Pau without the bother of travelling.

PARIS, 25 *Oct.*, '64.

BEFORE going to bed after a fatiguing day, I will give you news of my safe arrival here. I left my well-loved Biarritz at noon yesterday. They were mowing the meadows when I left, in a hot sun; friendship accompanied me as far as Bayonne; I arrived here at 6 in the morning. Much politics, audience at St. Cloud, arrival-dinner at Drouyn de Lhuys', and now I am going tired to bed.

CARLSBAD, 12 *July*, '65.

I AM ashamed of not having written to you on your birthday; but there is so much *must* in my life that I seldom get as far as the *will*.

The treadmill goes on with its grinding, day after day, and I seem to myself like the tired hack on it, who pushes it on underneath him without himself moving from the spot. Every other day comes a courier, every other day goes one; meanwhile supplementary ones from Vienna, Munich, and Rome; the load of paper increases, the ministers are scattered, and I must write to every single one of them from this centre.

I hope to get you clear of the manœuvres. As far as I know, the actual memorial has not yet reached the King; I have, however, mentioned the matter, and His Majesty has promised investigation into the circumstances of feeding men and horses. I will ask to-morrow at the War Office how far the writing has got on.

Late in the Evening, the 13th.

THE whole day long I have been writing, dictating, reading; climbed down the hill and up again to make my report to the King. They are now closing the despatch-bag, and I this letter. Over the table I look out upon the Erzgebirge along the Tepl into the sunset, very beautiful, but I feel stiff and old. The King goes

from here on the 19th, in five days to Gastein, where the Emperor will come. On the way I shall see * * somewhere in Bavaria. Nought of rest by day and night. It looks very shaky with peace; it must be decided at Gastein.

GASTEIN, 4 *Aug.*, '65.

I BEGIN to count the days I have to sit out in this fog-hole. As to what the sun is like, of that we have merely a shadowy reminiscence of better bygone days. To-day, at any rate, it began to be cold. Up to that time, a close, damp warmth; the only form of change, rain; so there was always the uncertainty, whilst we were pattering in the dirt up and down the steps of the promenade, whether we should get wet from rain or perspiration. How people without any business on hand can stand it here I cannot understand. With bathing, working, dinner, audience, and tea with the King, I have hardly time to realise the horrors of the situation. Since 3 days there has been a comic theatre here, but one is almost ashamed to be there, and most people are afraid of the walk in the rain. I find myself very well in spite of it all,

especially since we have had Kaltenhäuser beer here. * * and * * are in very low spirits, because they don't know what to drink. The landlord gives them bad beer to force them to drink his worse wine. There is nothing else remarkable to report from this steam laundry if I avoid plunging into politics.

GASTEIN, 14 *Aug.*, '65.

I HAVE not found leisure for some days past to send you news. Count Blome is here again, and we are working zealously at the maintenance of peace, and patching up the rents in the building. I devoted the day before yesterday to shooting; I think I told you how unsuccessful the first attempt was. This time I have, at any rate, shot a fawn, but more I did not even see for the 3 hours during which I gave myself up without moving to be experimented on by all kinds of the most various insects, while the noisy activity of the waterfall beneath me made me understand the deep foundation of the feeling which drew from someone before me the wish, "Oh streamlet, stay thy course awhile!" Even in my room this wish has daily and nightly

its justification; you breathe freely on reaching a spot where the brutal noise of the waterfall is not heard. It was, however, a very pretty shot, right across the ravine, killed dead, and tumbled headlong into the brook several church-steeples' length beneath me. My health is good, and I feel much stronger. We travel on the 19th; Saturday, therefore, to Salzburg; there the Emperor will probably pay his visit, and 1 or 2 days, besides Ischl, slip away. After that the King goes to Hohenschwangau, and to Munich, and in Baden I join His Majesty again. What then further takes place depends on politics. If you are still in Homburg, I hope, at any rate, to run over to you from Baden, to be able to cheer myself with the comfort of home-life.

BADEN, 1 *Sept.*, '65.

I CAME here early the day before yesterday, slept till 12.30, then worked hard, dined with the King; long audience. In the evening quartet at Count Flemming's, with Joachim, who really plays his violin in a most wonderful manner. At the races yesterday many acquaintances, who were no longer familiar to me.

September begins with rain. Two-thirds of the year are gone, after we have just accustomed ourselves to write '65. Many princely people here. * * wants to see me at 4; I hear she is now very handsome. The King intends leaving here at 5—route still undecided—Coburg or Coblenz, on account of Queen Victoria, whom he wants to meet. I hope, at any rate, to come by Frankfort on the 5th or 6th. Whether and how long I can be in Homburg will only be seen later; in no case longer than one day, as I must be in Berlin with the King.

BADEN, *Sunday.*

THAT you may see what sort of a husband you have, I send you the enclosed. We leave to-morrow morning at 6 for Coburg, to the Queen of England; I must go too, and I am sorry to say that Spa is therefore lost to me, but it can't be helped.

TO ANDRÉ VON ROMAN.

BERLIN, *the* 26 *December*, 1865.

DEAR ANDRÉ,—

THOUGH my time is very limited, I cannot refuse to answer a question which is put to me in Christ's name, and out of an honest heart. I am heartily sorry if I give offence to believing Christians, but I am certain that in my position this cannot be avoided. I will not stop to remark that there are undoubtedly a great number of Christians in the parties opposed to me by political necessity, who are far ahead of me on the way to salvation, with whom, notwithstanding, I have to live in strife, by virtue of matters which are, on both sides, purely of this earth; I will confine myself to your own remark: "Not a single thing committed or omitted remains unknown to the outside world." Where is the man, who, in such a position, would not give offence, justly or unjustly? I grant you here more than is the case, for your assertion of remaining unknown is not correct. Would to God, that besides that which is known

to the world, I had no other sins upon my soul, and for which I only hope for forgiveness, trusting in the blood of Christ. As a statesman, I am not, according to my feeling, sufficiently indifferent, cowardly rather, and that because it is not easy, in the questions which come before me, always to gain that inward clearness of vision on whose soil confidence in God springs up. He who calls me an unconscientious politician does me wrong; let him first put his own conscience to the proof on this battle-field. With regard to the Virchow affair, I am past the time of life when one takes advice from flesh and blood in such matters. When I stake my life for a matter, I do so in that faith which I have in long and severe struggling, but in honest and humble prayer to God strengthened; a faith which no word of man, even that of a friend in Christ and a servant of his church, can overthrow. As regards church-going, it is incorrect that I never go into God's house. I have been for almost 7 months either absent or ill; who, then, has observed it? I willingly confess it might occur oftener; but it is not so much from want of

time as consideration for my health that it is omitted, especially in winter; and to those who feel themselves called upon to be my judge in this matter I will willingly give minuter information about it; you yourself will believe me without medical details. Even you would probably judge me less severely about the Lucca photograph, if you knew to what accidental circumstances it owed its origin. Besides that, the present Frau von Rahden, although a singer, is a lady, to whom as little as to myself, unpermitted relations have never been ascribed by anybody. Nevertheless, if in a calm moment I had considered the annoyance which many true friends have felt at this joke, I would have stepped back out of the field of the lens which was directed at us. You see, from the circumstantiality with which I give you information, that I take your letter as a well-meant one, and that I do not seek, in any way, to raise myself above the judgment of those who own the same belief as myself. But from your friendship, and your own Christian knowledge, I expect that you will recommend to my censors the practice of caution and charity on future occasions; we

all have need of them. If among the total number of sinners who come short of the glory of God, I hope that his mercy may not take away from me the staff of humble belief, with which I try to find my way in all the dangers and doubts of my position; this confidence shall neither make me deaf to reproving words of friends, nor angry against uncharitable and arrogant censure. In haste,

Yours,

v. BISMARCK.

LETTERS DURING THE TIME OF THE AUSTRIAN WAR, 1866.

TO HIS WIFE.

SICHROW, 1 *July*, 1866.

WE left Reichenberg to-day; just arrived here; still uncertain whether we remain here or in Turnau. The whole journey has been a dangerous one. The Austrians, if they had sent cavalry from Leitmeritz yesterday, might have taken the King and all of us. I am sorry to say that the coachman Carl has just had a severe fall with the chestnut mare, which ran away with him. At first he was thought to be dead. He is lying in the hospital here, near Sichrow, in the next village. Kurt is to come in his place. We meet prisoners everywhere, according to the reports that have come in, there must already be over 15,000. Jitschin was taken by us yesterday at the point of the bayonet; Frankfort

division; General Tümpling severely wounded in the hip, not mortal. Heat fearful. Bringing up of supplies difficult; our troops suffer from exhaustion and hunger.

In the country, as far as this place, not many traces of war, beyond trodden-down cornfields. The people not at all afraid of our soldiers, stand with wife and child in Sunday attire before their doors and look astonished. In Trautenau, the inhabitants have murdered 20 unarmed musicians of ours who remained there behind the front after their regiments had passed. The perpetrators at Glogau, before court-martial. At Münchengrätz, a master brewer enticed 26 of our soldiers into his spirit cellar, made them drunk, set it alight. The distillery belonged to a convent. With the exception of such things, we hear less here than in Berlin; this castle, a very handsome one by-the-way, belongs to Prince Rohan, whom I used to see every year at Gastein.

JITSCHIN, *not Gitschin, 2 July, '66.*

JUST arrived here from Sichrow; all along the battle-field up to here was still covered with

corpses, horses, and weapons. Our victories are much greater than we supposed: it seems that we have already more than 15,000 prisoners, and the loss of the Austrians in dead and wounded is given as still more—20,000 men. Two of their corps are completely broken up, some of their regiments annihilated to the last man. Hitherto I have seen more Austrian prisoners than Prussian soldiers. Send me by the courier more cigars, 1000 every time, if you can, price £3, for the hospitals. All the wounded ask me for them. Then either through the associations, or at our own expense, take an *abonnement* for a few dozen copies of the *Kreutz Zeitung* for the hospitals; for instance, for the Reichenberg hospital; try to get at the names of the other places at the War Office. How is Clermont-Tonnerre? Is he not coming? I have no letter as yet. Send me, please, a revolver of large calibre, holster pistol. Carl the coachman is better; he will probably have no permanent injury, but be unable to work for some time yet. Carl B. deserves all praise, that active spirit of our travelling *ménage*.

Best love. Send me a novel to read, but only one at a time.

God shield you!

Just received your letter with the Homburg enclosure. A thousand thanks. I can so fully understand the dead stillness after the departure. Here in this turmoil it is impossible to realise the situation, notably at night in bed.

HOHENMAUTH, *Monday*, 9 *July*, '66.

Do you still remember, my heart, how 19 years ago we passed through here on the way from Prague to Vienna? No mirror showed the future, neither when, in 1852, I went along this line with the good Lynar. Matters are going well with us; if we are not immoderate in our demands, and do not imagine that we have conquered the world, we shall acquire a peace which will be worth the trouble. But we are just as quickly intoxicated as discouraged, and I have the ungrateful task of pouring water in the foaming wine, and to make them see that we are not living alone in Europe, but with

three neighbours still. The Austrians are in Moravia, and we are already so bold that their positions to-day are fixed for our headquarters to-morrow. Prisoners are still coming in, and guns, since the 3rd up to to-day, 180. If they call up their southern army, with God's good help, we shall beat them again; confidence is universal. I could hug our fellows, each facing death so gallantly, so quiet, obedient, well-behaved, with empty stomachs, wet clothes, wet camp, little sleep, the soles of their boots falling off, obliging to everybody, no looting, no incendiarism, paying where they can, and eating mouldy bread. There must after all abide in our man of the soil a rich store of the fear of God, or all that would be impossible. News of acquaintances is difficult to obtain; people are miles apart from one another; no one knows where the other is, and nobody to send; men enough, but no horses. I have had Philip[1] searched for for four days; he is *slightly* wounded in the head by a lance as G. wrote to me, but I cannot find out where he is, and now we are

[1] His nephew.

already 40 miles farther on. The King exposed himself very much indeed on the 3rd, and it was a very good thing that I was with him, for all warnings on the part of others were of no avail, and no one would have ventured to speak as I allowed myself to do the last time, and with success, after a heap of 10 men and 15 horses of the 6th regiment of cuirassiers were wallowing in their blood near us, and the shells whizzed round the sovereign in the most unpleasant proximity. The worst luckily did not burst. But after all I like it better than if he should err on the other side. He was enchanted with his troops, and rightly, so that he did not seem to remark all the whistling and bursting about him; as quiet and comfortable as on the Kreuzberg, and kept constantly finding battalions that he wanted to thank and say good evening to, until there we were again under fire. But he has had to hear so much about it, that he will leave it alone for the future, and you can be at ease; besides, I hardly believe in another real battle.

If you have *no* news of a person, you can all implicitly believe that he lives and is well, as all

casualties occurring to one's acquaintances are known in 24 hours at the longest. We have not come at all into communication with Herwarth and Steinmetz, I have therefore neither seen Sch. . . ., but know that they are both well. G. quietly leads his squadron with his arm in a sling. Good-bye, I must go on duty.

Your most true,

v. B.

ZWITTAU, IN MORAVIA, 11 *July*, '66.

I AM in want of an inkstand, as all are in use, else there is nothing the matter with me, as I have slept very well on my camp-bed and air-mattress, and was awoke at 8 by a letter from you. I had gone to bed at 11. At Königsgrätz I rode the large chestnut; 13 hours in the saddle without a feed. He held out very well, was not startled either by the firing or by corpses; ate corn-ears and plum-tree leaves with gusto at the most serious moments, and went on swimmingly to the end, when I seemed more tired

than the horse. My first bed for the night was on the pavement of Horic, without straw, and with the aid of a carriage-cushion. Everywhere crowds of wounded; the Grand Duke of Mecklenburg discovered me, and then shared his room with me, R., and 2 aides-de-camp, which was very welcome to me on account of the rain. With regard to the King and shells, I have already written to you. The generals all had the superstition that they, as soldiers, ought not to speak to the King of danger, and sent me, who am also a major, each time to him. In cocking the revolver, the hammer hid the line of sight, and the notch on the top of the hammer was not in an exact line with sight and bead. Tell that to T. Good-bye, my dear heart; I must to S.

Your most true,

v. B.

PRAGUE, 3 *August*, 1866.

I HAVE stolen away from the station before everybody, am waiting now here alone, and without luggage, until the King comes, and, after him, my belongings. I employ the moment of enforced inactivity in greeting you from here, and telling you that I am well, and hope to be to-morrow in Berlin. The King is in excellent health. The masses of people along the road hither from the station were so dense that I am afraid it won't end without somebody's being driven over, or the like.

Evening.

THE King came sooner than I thought, and since then business of all kinds, then dinner. I have this moment come back from a drive with his majesty over Hradschin, Belvedere, and have seen all the beauties of the landscape round Prague. In a few days it will be 19 years since we viewed all this together. What strange things were to happen to lead me to-day

in this manner to the same spot, without B. "*Hei cerstwa!*" I had still remembered, to the delight of my coachman. To-morrow we expect to be in Berlin. Great contention about the speech from the throne. The good people have not enough to do, and see nothing but their own nose, and exercise their swimming powers on the stormy waves of phrase. Our enemies we can manage, but our friends! They almost all of them wear blinkers, and see only one spot of the world.

v. B

1870.

TO HIS WIFE.

NOTE.—This letter did not reach its destination, but, together with the entire post, was captured by franc-tireurs, and published by a French newspaper.

VENDRESSE, 3 *September.*

MY DEAR HEART,—

I LEFT my present quarters before early dawn the day before yesterday, came back to-day, and have in the meantime witnessed the great battle of Sedan, in which we made about 30,000 prisoners, and threw the remainder of the French army, which we have been pursuing since Bar-le-Duc, into the fortress, where they had to surrender themselves, along with the Emperor, prisoners of war. Yesterday morning at 5 o'clock, after I had been negotiating until 1 o'clock A.M. with Moltke and the French generals about the capitulation to be concluded, I was awakened by General Reille, with whom I

am acquainted, to tell me that Napoleon wished to speak with me. Unwashed and unbreakfasted, I rode towards Sedan, found the Emperor in an open carriage, with 3 aides-de-camp and 3 in attendance on horseback, halted on the road before Sedan. I dismounted, saluted him just as politely as at the Tuileries, and asked for his commands. He wished to see the King; I told him, as the truth was, that His Majesty had his quarters 15 miles away, at the spot where I am now writing. In answer to Napoleon's question where he should go to, I offered him, as I was not acquainted with the country, my own quarters at Donchery, a small place in the neighbourhood, close by Sedan. He accepted, and drove, accompanied by his six Frenchmen, by me and by Carl (who, in the meantime, had ridden after me) through the lonely morning towards our lines. Before coming to the spot, he began to hesitate on account of the possible crowd, and he asked me if he could alight in a lonely cottage by the wayside; I had it inspected by Carl, who brought word it was mean and dirty. "*N'importe*," said N., and I ascended with him a rickety, narrow

staircase. In an apartment of 10 feet square, with a deal table and two rush-bottomed chairs, we sat for an hour, the others were below. A powerful contrast with our last meeting in the Tuileries in '67. Our conversation was a difficult thing, if I wanted to avoid touching on topics which could not but affect painfully the man whom God's mighty hand had cast down. I had sent Carl to fetch officers from the town and to beg Moltke to come. We then sent one of the former to reconnoitre, and discovered 2½ miles off, in Fresnois, a small château situated in a park. Thither I accompanied him with an escort of the cuirassier regiment of life-guards, which had meantime been brought up, and there we concluded with the French general-in-chief, Wimpffen, the capitulation, by virtue of which 40 to 60,000 Frenchmen, I do not know it accurately at present, with all they possess, became our prisoners. Yesterday and the day before cost France 100,000 men and an Emperor. This morning the latter, with all his suite, horses and carriages, started for Wilhelmshöhe, near Cassel.

It is an event of great weight in the world's

history, a victory for which we will humbly thank the Almighty, and which decides the war, even if we have to carry it on against France shorn of her Emperor.

I must conclude. With heartfelt joy I learnt from yours and Maria's letters that Herbert has arrived among you. Bill I spoke to yesterday, is already telegraphed, and embraced him from horseback in His Majesty's presence, while he stood motionless in the ranks. He is very healthy and happy. I saw Hans and Fritz Carl, both Bülows in the 2nd dragoon guards, well and cheerful.

Good-bye, my heart; love to the children.

Your

v. B.

LONDON: R. CLAY, SONS, AND TAYLOR, BREAD STREET HILL.

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